the weekly
Standard

DECEMBER 9, 2002 $3.95

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS
STEPHEN F. HAYES

MIDEAST MIRAGES

The False Allure of Stability
MAX BOOT

The False Promise of Deterrence
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

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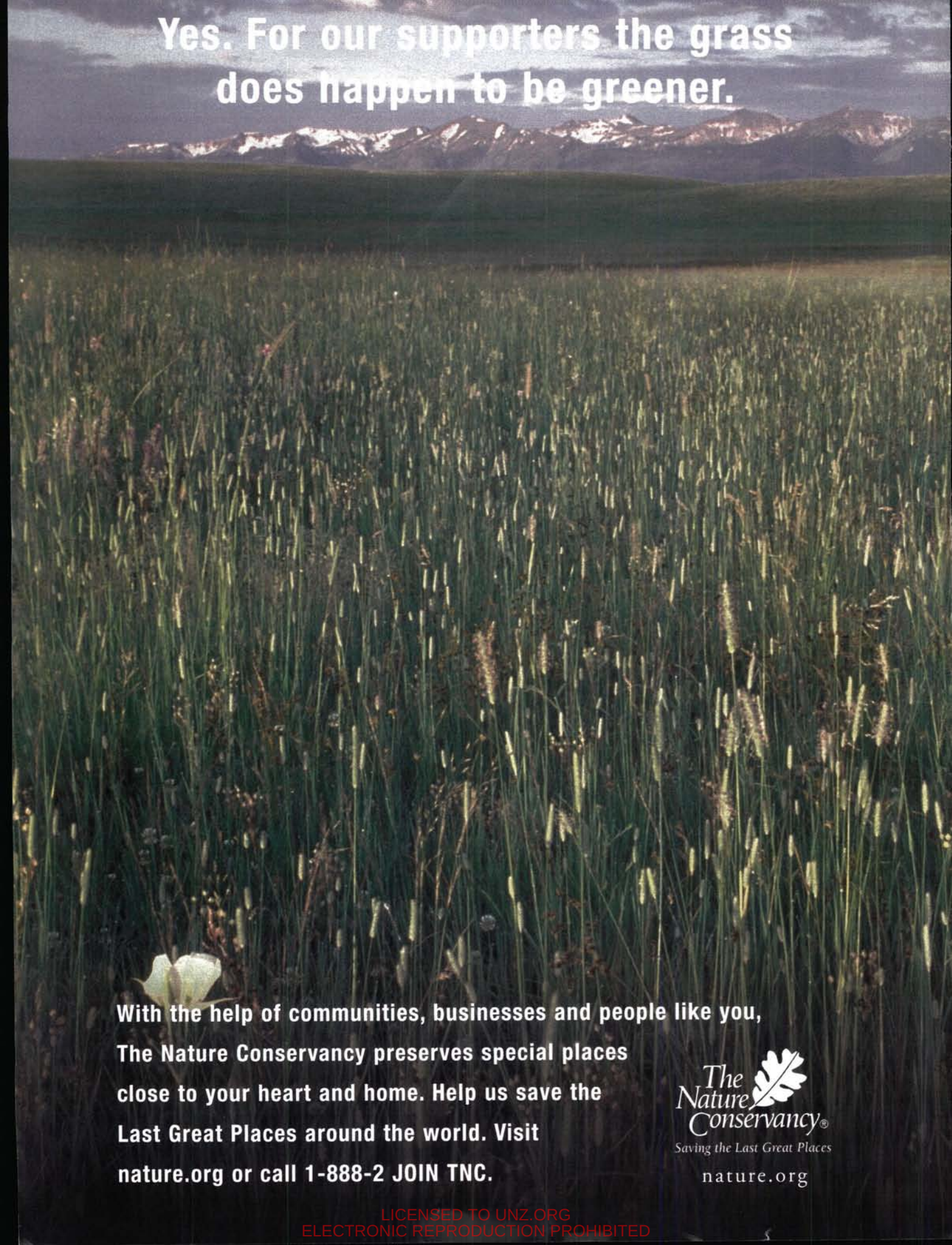

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the weekly Standard

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Press Release of the Week

Or maybe it's the press release of the whole dang year. We'll let you decide. It's datelined Toronto, November 21. And no, we're not making this up:

> A coalition of Canadian peace groups today announced their intention to send an international team of volunteer weapons inspectors into the United States later this winter. The coalition, Rooting Out Evil, are recruiting inspectors through their newly launched website, *www.rootingoutevil.org*.
>
> "Our action has been inspired by none other than George W. Bush," said Christy Ferguson, a spokesperson for the group. . . . "On the basis of President Bush's guidelines, it is clear that the current U.S. administration poses a great threat to global security," said Ferguson. "We're following Bush's lead and demanding that the U.S. grant our inspectors immediate and unfettered access to any site in the country—including all presidential compounds—so that we can identify weapons of mass destruction in this rogue state," added David Langille. . . .
>
> The actual inspection team that crosses the border will be comprised of prominent individuals from Canada and other countries.

Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. THE SCRAPBOOK especially likes that wry little joke about "prominent individuals from Canada." And this one, too, from the organization's aforementioned website: If the Bush administration refuses to comply with this latest peacecanuck demand, then "we will assemble as many volunteer weapons inspectors as possible at a major border crossing between the U.S. and Canada and attempt to cross into the U.S. on a mission of peace." In which case "we will be greeted on the U.S. side by Americans who favor true global cooperation, an end to weapons of mass destruction, and a regime change in the U.S. at the next election."

It could happen, we guess.

On the other hand, they might be greeted on the U.S. side by Americans who favor kicking them right in the ass. You never know. ♦

And Now Some Homegrown Comedy

You noticed, perhaps, how Al Gore recently insisted to the *Washington Post Magazine* that had the true wishes of every Florida voter been perfectly expressed at the polls in 2000, then the fact that he is actually president of the United States right now wouldn't be such a well-kept secret? Well, the secrets they are a-pouring out it seems, and the latest one to burst is that something has gone Terribly Wrong in President Gore's America.

That would be the coup d'état that Republicans have lately effected in the U.S. media. In American journalism today, Gore now tells Josh Benson of the *New York Observer*, "there are some major institutional voices that are, truthfully speaking, part and parcel of the Republican party. Fox News Network, the *Washington Times*, Rush Limbaugh. . . . Most of the media [have] been slow to recognize the pervasive impact of this fifth column in their ranks."

Okay, so the man makes a few technical errors. Rush Limbaugh speaks for no "institution" except his own. Gore is the only political professional in the universe who believes that the *Washington Times* has a "pervasive impact." Readers curious to judge for themselves the extent to which the Republican party dominates cable news broadcasting might wish to watch any random five minutes—take your pick—of CNN.

But enough nitpicking. Let's have a look at this "fifth column" business Gore refers to. Are purportedly right-leaning media operations committing treason? The enemy within? Fascinating. Surely President Gore will want to have his new Department of Homeland Security look into the matter without delay.

And while they're at it, Tom Ridge's boys will surely also be eager to investigate what the *Observer*'s Benson was cheeky enough to ask Gore about directly: "the ceaseless lampooning he continues to face from America's columnists and commentators." Gore has his own answer. "That's postmodernism," he says. "It's the combination of narcissism and nihilism that really defines postmodernism."

So that's what that is. We thought it was just a reflection of the fact that Al Gore is a world-class weenie. ♦

Also in the *Observer*

We admit it: There's nothing we relish more than watching the Left give itself a poke in the eye. We refer, in particular, to Ron Rosenbaum's latest *New York Observer* essay, "W. Isn't Beelzebub, He's Just a Corleone—But Michael or Fredo?"

"For much of the Left," Rosenbaum writes, "dissent has degenerated into nothing more than incoherent, impotent Bush hatred." But Rosenbaum has

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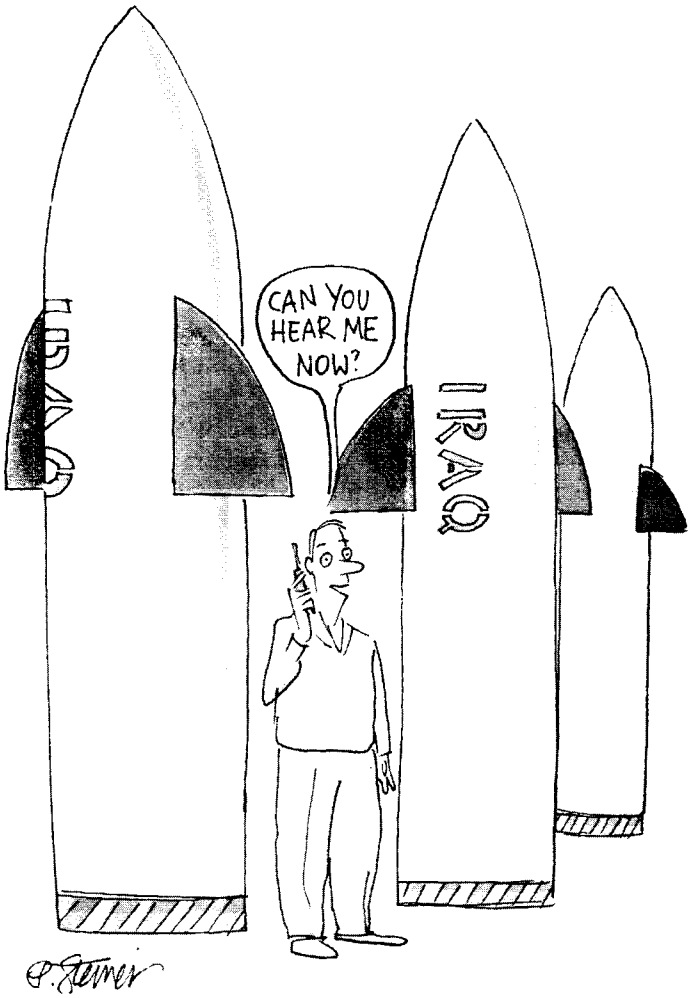

developed a certain grudging respect for the president. Bush is not, in fact, the Devil, he writes. Instead, Bush is a Corleone-family son from the *Godfather*. But which one? The president entered office as Fredo, hapless and feeble: "I'm smart! Not like everyone says I am. That I'm dumb!" Later, though, after 9/11, Bush "began demonstrating some of the sagacity of Michael."

It works like this, according to Rosenbaum: The president "realizes the time has come to 'settle all family business' with terrorists. But in a very *shrewd* way. . . . Saddam has to be handled with a little more finesse than Afghanistan. So George W. gets the world *thinking* he's morphed from Fredo to Sonny—the hotheaded unilateralist, so to speak—but it's *really Michael* running the show. Bluffing a unilateral move . . . but bluffing it so compellingly that he gets the multilateralists of the world to join in on the dismantling of Saddam in order to prevent that crazy Sonny from knocking over the beautiful, multilateral house of cards they believe in."

That's pretty good, don't you think? And here's one that's even better: Rosenbaum's real-world casting suggestion for who should play Senator Pat Geary, the sleazeball pol from *Godfather II* is . . .

Yes! Al Gore.

THE SCRAPBOOK knew that it was him all along. ♦

Things We Hate

Film critic David Denby, writing in the November 11 *New Yorker* about *8 Mile*, the allegedly inspirational rap-from-poverty movie starring the allegedly witty guttermouth Eminem:

"People who are convinced that Eminem is destroying America might want to consider the delicacy of the white-black friendships in '8 Mile.' (Perhaps the specter of such friendships is what right-wingers actually hate most.)"

Um, actually no, Dave, that's not even close to what we hate most. But here's a hint: We're not crazy about smirking *New Yorker* critics. ♦

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Casual

The Other Nine-Tenths

While covering the Democratic presidential race back in 1984, I happened to stop one day in Monroe, Louisiana. I had a problem with my portable word processor, so I visited a local Radio Shack in hope of getting it fixed quickly. And indeed the fellow running the store instantly knew what to do to get my laptop in working order.

Afterwards I chatted with the guy. He was quite smart and interesting. He told me he'd won several sales prizes at Radio Shack. I wasn't surprised. Then he asked what I was doing in Monroe. Covering the Gary Hart campaign, I said. "Who?" he asked. "Gary Hart," I repeated. "I've never heard of him," he said. He was utterly unaware a national political campaign was going on, and he wasn't embarrassed about it.

I've often recalled this story because it touches on one of the great divides in America. Yes, there are two Americas you've probably never thought about, but I have. There's one America that's involved in politics or at least keeps up with what's going on politically or in public policy. And there's another America that couldn't care less about politics. As you might guess, I'm part of the political community, the journalism wing.

The conceit of the political crowd, which I estimate at 10 million to 15 million Americans, is that all those other Americans are benighted. The politics people believe their jobs are extraordinarily important because they deal with significant, even global, matters night and day, while the rest of the country consists of silly, apathetic people who should be paying serious attention to what their betters in Washington and a few other places tell them. That they aren't hanging on every word coming from the politics crowd only proves how frivolous they are. What's worse, the non-politics types make up a whopping majority of the electorate. There are perhaps 85 million to 95 million of them. They decide all elections.

Now here's my fear. Eddie Murphy touched on it in a famous skit on *Saturday Night Live* years ago about the secret life of white people. Murphy put on whiteface to find out what button-down whites do when blacks aren't around. It turns out whites have a wild time, cavorting, drinking, and partying, partying, partying. Thus my fear is all those millions of people who are oblivious to politics most of the time have wonderful, satisfying lives and have much more fun than political obsessives do. Maybe there's an inverse relationship: The more you're caught up in politics, the less thrilling your real life is.

To start with, the apolitical aren't so ignorant after all when it comes to voting. A political scientist, Sam Popkin, figured out that most voters, though they give barely a glance at campaigns and politics, have just enough information to make rational decisions in the voting booth. So the country isn't suffering because of their lackadaisical attitude toward the important things.

And look how different their lives are, and pleasurably so, from those of politics people. They don't have to watch TV on Sunday morning to see who said what in response to a question on the future of no-fault insurance or revisions of the Clean Air Act. They can go to church, sleep in, play golf, lollygag.

They don't have to read the entire front section of a newspaper every day, especially the op-ed page. They're spared the burden of ever tuning in to C-SPAN. They get to watch popular television shows other than *The West Wing*. They go to movies of no cultural, social, or political importance whatsoever. They've never heard of that documentary about George W. Bush produced by Nancy Pelosi's daughter, and they wouldn't watch it if they had. Their brains aren't focused on who's going to run, who's going to win.

Their social life is rich—parties, tailgating, picnics, drop-bys. This is quite different from the social life in Washington, which consists in large part of attending think tank banquets, book parties, two-day conferences on tort reform, or dinners at which a cabinet member is the prized guest.

Of course the folks in the hinterland don't experience the upside of life in politics, the supposedly ego-satisfying side. For instance, no one sees their face on TV or their byline in some prestige publication. They don't get recognized in airports by total strangers.

I know. Being on yip-yap shows on TV means you get recognized from time to time. But rarely does anyone remember anything you ever said, which is telling in ways I'd rather not think about. Just the other day, a woman confronted me at O'Hare Airport and asked if I were the guy who folds his arms on the Fox News Channel (she offered her imitation). Sad but true, the answer was yes. But I'm more often stopped by people with another question: "Say, aren't you Mort Kondracke?"

Fred Barnes

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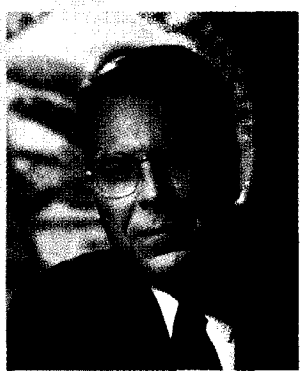

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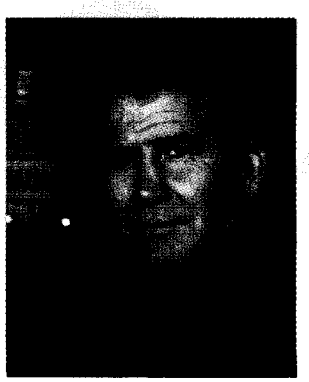

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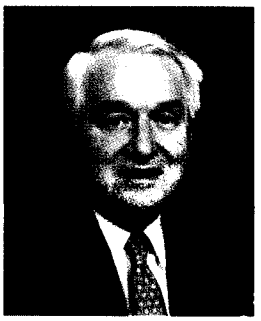

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Muscular Response

As someone who rarely disagrees with The Weekly Standard's editorial stance, I am moved to gently reproach the timidity of the agenda advanced by Fred Barnes in "Easy Does It" (Nov. 25).

Yes, simplicity and focus are far better—and easier to defend—than a mishmash of initiatives meant to placate every Republican constituency. And Barnes is right to name national security and the economy as the appropriate pillars of White House policy.

But his prescription for the economy is far too limited. Sure, we can accelerate and make permanent the 2001 tax cut. But we must consider that a tiny first step.

Marginal rates must be cut further to, say, pre-Clinton levels. Or we can heed the thoughtful advice of Rep. Billy Tauzin (R-LA) and others who would eliminate the income tax altogether in favor of either a flat tax or a national sales tax.

And to repair our damaged retirement portfolios—and really steal the Democrats' thunder in 2004—the investor class (half the country) needs big reductions in the capital gains tax. In lowering the after-tax cost of owning stocks, we make them more attractive, as the last reduction in the capital gains tax clearly showed.

Deficit hawks will hate this, of course. But it was economic growth in the 1990s that gave us the surplus, not Clinton's astronomical tax increase.

And naturally there's always a camp that cowers in fear of the Democrats' launching a new round of class war.

But phony populism and class war seems to be finally running out of gas. It didn't work this November when, arguably, because of the economy, it should have.

Indeed, it seemed that every Republican who supported retroactive repeal of the Alternative Minimum Tax was smeared in television commercials for voting to give money to Enron. That was red meat for battered investors sitting in front of their televisions, and it bombed big time.

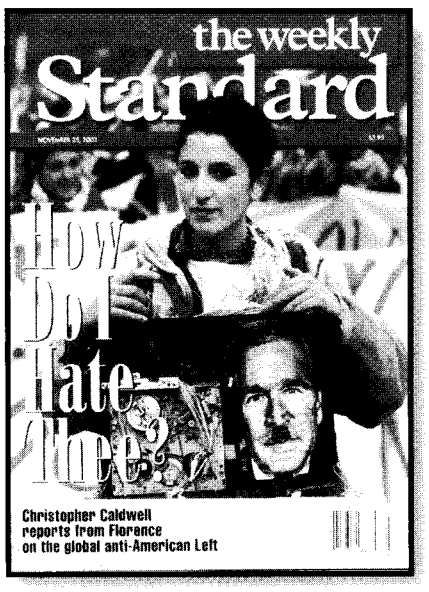
If class war has lost its appeal even in a weak economy, then we have nothing to fear from—to use Barnes's phrase—a "muscular response" to our economic problems.

I agree that simplicity is a virtue, and humbly offer this simple agenda: Cut wide, cut deep.

Rick Bornemann
North Conway, NH

Who's Sensational?

Human Rights Watch's recent report on anti-Muslim hate crimes following September 11 reached two straightforward conclusions (The Scrapbook, Nov. 25). First, not surprisingly, the incidence of such crimes



increased dramatically following the terrorist attacks. Second, many local governments and the federal government, including President Bush personally, responded vigorously to the increase in bias-motivated crimes. Public officials condemned attacks on Muslims, deployed police, prosecuted hate crimes, and reached out to Muslim communities.

Far from sensationalizing the problem, as The Weekly Standard inexplicably charges, we highlight the positive steps public officials took to prevent hate crimes and we make recommendations about what kinds of measures are effective. Indeed, it is The Weekly Standard that is engaging in sensationalism when it breathlessly suggests that "thousands of American soldiers and civilians" in the Middle East will be put at risk by the accurate reporting of the U.S. government's own statistics on anti-Muslim violence.

Jamie Fellner
Director, U.S. Program
Human Rights Watch
New York, NY

Press Bias Helps GOP

Bruce Bartlett hits on a powerful idea in "The GOP's Secret Weapon" (Nov. 25). What he misses, though, is that it is the biased press itself that leads to liberal conspiracy theories about lost elections and other right-wing victories.

The reason for the rise in the "stab in the back" theory in interwar Germany was that the German people had consistently been told that the war had been going well for them. Then, one day, they woke up to discover they had lost. This generated suspicion and anger.

These poor Germans are like the hard-left Democrats and liberals, accustomed to reading everywhere that their perspective is accepted, that their views are unquestioned. Is it any wonder, then, that they should believe that voter fraud is the key to Republican victories? Is it any wonder that the fringe of the Democrats seems to gain influence, when they think, not unreasonably, "No one I know disagrees with me"?

Dean Cheng
Vienna, VA

• • •

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The Once and Future Offender

Early one evening in September 1986, a 17-year-old local girl was walking along West North Street in Wooster, Ohio, a rural town about 50 miles southwest of Cleveland, when Joel Douglas Walton Yockey, 30, also of Wooster, rolled up next to her in a pickup truck and asked if she'd like a ride. Thinking she recognized Yockey as the man who did janitorial work at her church, the teenager accepted the offer. But Yockey was not her church janitor, as it happened, and he did not take her where she wanted to go. Instead, he drove her to a cornfield near his parents' house west of town, told the girl he'd kill her if she made any noise, and then sodomized and raped her. After it was over, Yockey took his victim back to West North Street, handed her a $10 bill, and pushed her out of the truck with a warning that next time she should take a cab. For this crime—and for his remorselessness about it; Yockey insisted that the girl had "come on" to him—he was given a maximum prison sentence of 10 to 25 years.

The High Court has just heard two cases that threaten to invalidate a system of law designed to protect children like Kristen Jackson.

By all accounts and to all appearances, however, Yockey spent the next 15 of those years doing everything possible to turn his life around. He recanted his trial testimony and acknowledged responsibility and regret for the rape. He joined a series of ad hoc self-improvement workshops: "Convicts Against Sexual Abuse," for example, and the "Power Rapists Group." He completed a more formal, 18-month sex abusers treatment program in 1990, and went on thereafter to earn an associate of arts degree from Ashland University even while holding down a full-time job as groundskeeper in the Chillicothe Correctional Facility's horticultural department. Joel Douglas Walton Yockey, in other words, became a model prisoner. And on that basis—given that he had "family support and a reasonable plan including employment possibilities"—the Ohio Parole Board voted this past January to approve Yockey's release.

By March he was back in Wooster, living with his parents on Porter Drive. One street over, on North Smyser Road, their backyard almost touching the Yockeys' place, Mark and Sharon Jackson were raising two teenage daughters, Katie and Kristen.

Twelve weeks ago, on September 9, six months after Yockey had returned to town, the Jacksons, as a special treat, let both their girls spend the evening before a school holiday with a large group of friends at Wooster's annual Wayne County Fair, where virtually everyone in attendance was a lifelong family acquaintance and where their safety seemed thus assured. Sometime after nightfall, for no particular reason, the younger Jackson sister, Kristen, got separated from her companions in the crowd. But she was a sensible girl, and the fairgrounds were indeed under well-meaning watch by dozens of people who knew her, and many of those people vividly remember catching sight of her at around 9 P.M.: a five-foot-five-inch 14-year-old with a brown pony tail and a purple T-shirt walking toward the fair's main gate.

There, on Vanover Street, maybe a hundred yards from the spot where her recently paroled neighbor Joel Yockey had abducted another teenage girl 16 years before, Kristen Jackson was shortly due to meet her mother. Mere minutes later, Sharon Jackson arrived on schedule for this rendezvous. But by then her daughter had gone missing.

No doubt you have already guessed how this story will end. And your guess is correct, which fact might mercifully obviate the need to recount the rest of the thing in such grisly, slow-motion detail—but for a coincidence of the U.S. Supreme Court docket that suddenly accords this kind of grisly detail a more than ordinary public policy relevance. Specifically: The High Court has just heard, and some time in the next few months will decide, two cases out of Alaska and Connecticut that threaten to

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invalidate a nationwide system of law designed to protect tens of millions of Americans, women and children primarily, just like Kristen Jackson, from hundreds of thousands of other Americans, recently paroled sex offenders, who either are—or are not—just like Joel Douglas Walton Yockey. The central question is whether it is possible to make reliable, individualized predictions about how such men will behave once they've been released from prison. And, if it is, whether it is constitutional for us to keep tabs on the "safe" ones, too, just in case.

At issue are the "Megan's Law" statutes all 50 states have enacted since 7-year-old Megan Kanka of Hamilton Township, New Jersey, was raped and murdered by a paroled pedophile in 1994. Their application and requirements vary from one jurisdiction to the next, but generally speaking these laws oblige released sex offenders to register their whereabouts with local law enforcement agencies, which are obliged, in turn, to provide some degree of community notification about the neighborhood presence of said registrants. There is quite a bit of powerfully affecting anecdotal evidence that the Megan's Law mechanism has already prevented some truly ghastly crimes: mothers who glance at a Post Office billboard flyer about a convicted child molester only to see the face of their elementary school's bus driver—that sort of thing. Nevertheless, administering the system has proved vastly more difficult than anyone anticipated.

For one thing, cash-strapped city and county police agencies, especially in the larger states, are fighting a desperate and only half-successful battle to stay current with their ex-offender caseloads, a task ironically—and significantly—complicated by the law itself: Many parolees subject to sex-offender registry supervision keep more or less permanently on the move precisely to avoid the intense public scorn and embarrassment that registration necessarily entails.

And then, even more important, there are the lawsuits, which have kept countless Megan's Law programs bottled up in court, and enjoined from functioning in the first place, for years on end. Almost always, sex offender plaintiffs raise two basic constitutional complaints, both of which are squarely presented in the Alaska and Connecticut cases now before the Supreme Court.

To some extent at least, nearly every state now applies its Megan's Law retroactively. In other words: Certain people convicted of certain crimes committed even before the registry statute was enacted are nevertheless required to comply with its terms. Which not infrequently means that they must assist in their own public identification as sex offenders, sometimes for the rest of their lives. Two Alaskan gentlemen named "John Doe," each of them a former prison inmate sentenced in the early 1980s for first degree sexual abuse of his minor daughter, argue that their state's Megan's Law, adopted only in 1994, represents an after-the-fact additional punishment for crimes whose then-legally-authorized consequences they have already paid. Article I, Section 10 of the federal Constitution, they point out, bars any state from passing such an "ex post facto" statute; Megan's Laws like the one in Alaska must therefore fall.

This is not quite so neat a constitutional talking point as memories of fifth-grade civics class might lead you to believe. The ex post facto clause implicates only legislative enactments of a punitive, criminal character. States may pass retroactively applicable laws for non-punitive, civil purposes like public safety, even when the operation of those laws is triggered exclusively by past criminal activity, without offending the ex post facto clause one bit. In April of last year, the Alaska John Does managed to persuade the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals that Juneau's version of Megan's Law, though explicitly designed simply to provide the public with future protection against sexual predators, is effectively, and thus unconstitutionally, a vindictive, look-back punishment for ancient misdeeds. This, first, because the statute imposes "drastic" and "onerous" liberty restrictions on the Does—purportedly requiring them to make in-person police station appearances to verify their residential and business addresses, four times a year until they die. And, second, because the law's reach is "exceedingly broad," sweeping these two men into its crude "sex offender" designation, on the basis of a little father-daughter incest business many moons ago, without ever giving the designees an opportunity to demonstrate that they no longer pose a threat to anybody.

On appeal to the Supreme Court, Alaska points out that the 9th Circuit has made a rather astonishing error of statutory interpretation: No one, in fact, is ever required to make in-person address verifications under the challenged law. What's more, even if such a requirement did exist, categorical civil regulations of ex-felons are routine and ubiquitous in our federal and state code books, and the Supreme Court has never used the ex post facto clause to strike down a single one of them. Which is why, all across the country, paroled murderers are ineligible for gun permits *as a class*—and nobody thinks that some panel of psychiatrists should have a case-by-case say about whether the rule is fair.

For good or ill, however, there are people who think that psychiatrists and suchlike experts should have a say in the legal status of paroled rapists and pedophiles. And it is this view, packaged more precisely and interestingly as a Fourteenth Amendment due process claim, that the Supreme Court confronts in the Connecticut Megan's Law case. Here we meet yet another "John Doe" plaintiff. Once upon a time he was sentenced to prison for an unspecified "sexually violent offense." But though he has since been released and claims to be rehabilitated, the

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state of Connecticut persists in calling him a "sex offender" and compounds the insult by broadcasting its judgment—39 other states and the District of Columbia do this, too—on the Internet. Sure, Mr. Doe concedes, as he must, that technically speaking he *is* a sex offender. But when the government reports this information to the entire world, Doe complains, it is also defaming him: implicitly labeling him an ongoing public menace while denying him any chance to disprove the charge.

Last year the 2nd U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals agreed with Doe and partially enjoined Connecticut's Megan's Law. Here again, though, the constitutional question is a tricky one. As a strict procedural matter, this John Doe was surely provided all the Fourteenth Amendment process he was ever due way back when a criminal-court jury of his Connecticut peers, no doubt observing every legal nicety, judged him guilty and sent him up river for a "sexually violent offense." And as a matter of so-called "substantive" due process, the present-day residue of Doe's old conviction—Connecticut's public announcement that he is a "sex offender"—cannot, on its face, be defamatory because it is plainly true.

However. Insofar as the unvarnished truth about John Doe's past, officially sanctioned and attached to a public safety alert, indelibly signals that he is still a danger to his fellow man, then that warning might well be unconstitutionally defamatory, we suppose. Provided, that is, as Fourteenth Amendment due process doctrine requires, that the warning is "capable of rebuttal." Or, in the vernacular: If it is possible for the John Does of America to prove that they aren't any longer dangerous, then Megan's Law programs that automatically brand them with that scarlet letter are not just imperfectly successful because difficult to administer—they are an injustice.

It really isn't possible to figure out who the truly dangerous sex offenders are. Joel Yockey's story proves the point.

This is the bottom-line question, then: Is it indeed possible to determine, one by one and dependably, which ex-convict rapists and pedophiles remain a threat worth calling to the attention of their neighbors, and which ones do not? The various Messrs. Doe and their allies insist that it is. The Alaska Does contend that an "untrained, uninformed public" has been sold a scientifically "unsupported" fantasy about "high rates of recidivism" among sex offenders. Connecticut's Doe complains that his state's Megan's Law "ignores the ability of offenders to be successfully treated." On this Doe's behalf, the New Jersey state public defender brags that he and other "attorneys throughout the United States have become expert in rationally classifying offenders according to their relative likelihood of reoffense." And the Massachusetts Committee for Public Counsel Services, tossing a great mass of numbers around like confetti, demands that "incontrovertibly rehabilitated former offenders" be given back their reputations whole, unblackened by the "harsh" ostracism of Megan's Law obloquy.

Trouble is, all of this is demonstrably false. High rates of sex-crime recidivism are no fantasy, alas. The crimes themselves are "grossly underreported," according to the American Psychiatric Association, and consequently most conventional measures of recidivism and treatment outcome "are flawed." Even so, the best modern research on the subject is genuinely terrifying. A 1997 longitudinal study, using sophisticated statistical "survival analysis," reported that 52 percent of child molesters and rapists released from state custody in Massachusetts over a 25-year period were rearrested for a sex crime—on average, in less than four years. And every one of these people had previously been found "no longer sexually dangerous" by the Massachusetts state agency charged with adjudicating such things. It really *isn't* possible to figure out who the truly bad ones are.

It wasn't possible with Joel Douglas Walton Yockey, after all.

Ohio has the kind of Megan's Law that the John Does claim to approve. Ohio inspects and rates—on a three-tiered scale of dangerousness—each and every one of its incarcerated sex offenders before it grants them parole. Ohio's parole board interviewed Yockey not once but three separate times, and subjected him to an independent psychiatric examination. Then and only then did Ohio feel secure enough to conclude that Yockey's "risk to reoffend" was sufficiently minimal that he could safely be shipped home to Wooster this past March. And that no one else in Wooster, save the sheriff, need be told about it.

On September 13, FBI agents running down hunches on a case that had gone "very cold" searched Joel Yockey's Jeep and found its interior soaking wet from an unexplained and obviously desperate scrubdown. Hours later, after interviewing Yockey until almost midnight, Wayne County sheriff's deputies told Mark and Sharon Jackson that their daughter was almost certainly dead. On the rainy morning of September 14, Yockey's mother told a neighbor that her son had confessed, and teams of local volunteers were dispatched to five specific spots in a nearby swamp. At one of them they found Kristen Jackson's severed head. At another they found her arms and legs. Kristen Jackson's torso—law enforcement officials wept like babies when they made the announcement—was not recovered.

Case closed.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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The Battle of New Orleans

The last election of 2002, Terrell vs. Landrieu, may also be the meanest. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

New Orleans

WHEN THEY FACED OFF in a televised debate here last week, Suzanne Haik Terrell accused Senator Mary Landrieu of abandoning her Catholic faith because of her votes in favor of abortion. The comment—one of the strongest in-person attacks in recent memory—was virtually ignored by the media.

Perhaps that's because the charge is just one among dozens of harsh attacks traded in a race that is quickly becoming one of the most bitter of the 2002 election cycle. Maybe it's because Louisiana voters have heard similar sentiments before. In 1996, Archbishop Phillip Hannan said, if "a person actually believes in Catholic doctrine, then I don't see how they can vote for Landrieu without a feeling of sin." Or maybe the remark was overlooked because Landrieu's protest—she called it the "pit of politics"—was unconvincing. Landrieu, after all, has been playing victim on just about everything. When Terrell criticized her six years representing the Bayou state in the U.S. Senate, the incumbent responded pitifully. "Well, *somebody* thinks I'm doing a good job." And when Terrell spoke with pride about her three lovely daughters, Landrieu had had enough. "Ms. Terrell, who knows me quite well, fails to say that I also have two beautiful daughters." Oh, the indignity.

The likeliest reason the media missed Terrell's whack at Landrieu's faith is simple. They were focused on Landrieu's meltdown. Shortly after the contentious 30-minute debate, Landrieu menacingly told Terrell: "This is your last campaign." To which a surprised Terrell responded, "She threatened me." Alec Gifford, a local TV anchor and host of the debate, said Landrieu "stalked out of the studio" without saying another word. A Landrieu spokesman tried to spin the outburst as less a threat than a prediction.

Terrell's campaign suggests that Landrieu is just feeling the pressure of a tight election. Polling on the race has been erratic, but most observers believe it will be close. The fact that Landrieu is in the December 7 runoff at all is something of a defeat for the incumbent. In a four-person race on November 5, she failed to win more than 50 percent of the vote in this heavily Democratic state. (Governor Mike Foster is a Republican, but a quirky one, and Louisiana voters have not sent a Republican to the Senate since Reconstruction.) Although the media picked up on Landrieu's post-debate comments, they didn't report an earlier tirade. Landrieu stormed into the studio complaining about the timing of the taping—late Saturday afternoon. When a Terrell staffer reminded her that the format was first proposed by her campaign, she protested again, complained out loud about her clothing, and left the scene to change. Landrieu managed a pageant grin throughout the televised portion of the exchange, which while tense, was cordial compared with the episodes before and after the debate.

Landrieu's behavior is certainly interesting and may reflect the strains of a bitter campaign. But in a state with high concentrations of Catholic voters and highly motivated evangelical Christians, and where the most popular yard signs bear not the names of candidates but a call to "Please Vote Pro-Life," Terrell's criticism of Landrieu's abortion position may ultimately prove more important. That's because the campaign has shaped up as being about power—which candidate will have better access to it, and which will better use that access to advance not just Louisiana interests but "Louisiana values."

With a Republican in the White House and a Senate majority leader, Trent Lott, who lives 70 miles from the Mississippi-Louisiana border, Terrell argues that Louisiana voters would be better served with a senator in the majority party. Landrieu constantly touts her position on the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee, arguing that her defeat would leave Louisiana empty-handed when Congress doles out goodies each year. She touted it until last week, anyway. Lott came to Baton Rouge the Monday before Thanksgiving and announced that he was considering a smaller appropriations committee. This, Lott suggested, means Landrieu would be unlikely to keep her seat. And that, Terrell would later explain, "takes the issue away from her."

As for "Louisiana values"—Terrell used that phrase in the first sentence of the New Orleans debate, and returned to it several times over the next half-hour. "The people of Louisiana are extremely family-oriented and they have tremendous faith," she said, defining the term in an interview two days later. "It's a recognition of those things that are important—estate taxes and the tax structure, personal responsibility, raising children, the sanctity of life, guns, crime, and faith. Sixty percent of southern Louisiana is Catholic," she adds. Terrell insists that her opponent is out of touch with those values—voting with Ted Kennedy, Hillary Clinton, and Tom Daschle more than 80 percent of the time.

That, of course, is fair to point out. And it certainly contrasts with Landrieu's attempt to portray her voting record as moderate Democrat, which

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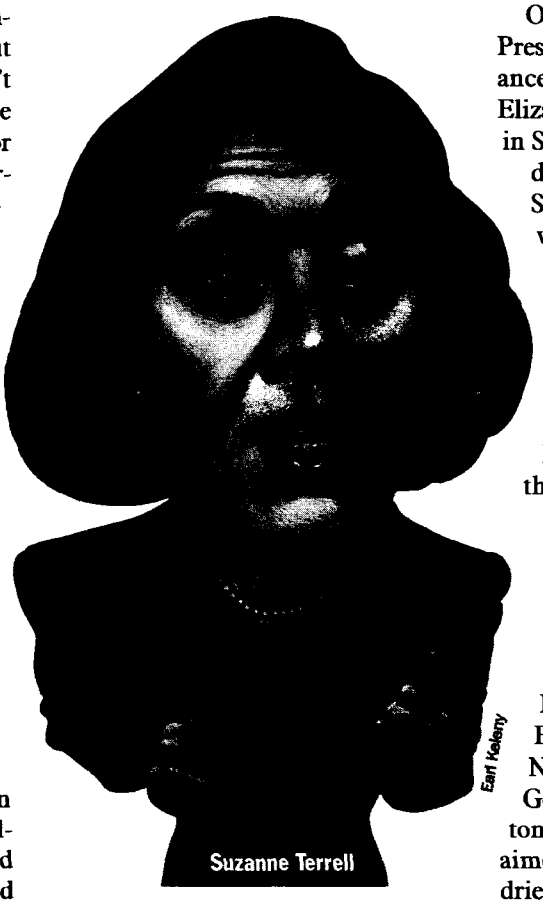
it is not. (Her record has won her high marks from liberal groups like Americans for Democratic Action. That group said Landrieu voted with its agenda 95 percent of the time in 1999, 80 percent in 2000, and 85 percent in 2001; her scores for those same years from the American Conservative Union were 4, 16, and 28.) But is it appropriate to accuse your opponent of abandoning her faith?

"Maybe it's an inappropriate comment," says Terrell. "I don't know. But as a practicing Catholic, I just don't understand how she can reconcile being a Catholic with her support for federal funding of abortions on overseas military bases, or with distributing morning-after pills in school."

Those "Louisiana values" were precisely the issue emphasized at a fire-up-the-troops rally of Christian conservatives at the Crescent City Baptist Church in Metairie last Monday. The fifty or so people who attended the event, sponsored by the Republican National Committee's Team Leaders program, were greeted by compare-and-contrast fliers from the National Right to Life Committee and the Louisiana Right to Life Federation. The featured speaker, David Barton, founder of a group called the "Wallbuilders," guided the attendees through the American Founding, emphasizing the Christian roots of the Constitution. ("Wallbuilders" alludes not to the so-called wall of separation between church and state, but to the book of Nehemiah, in which the Israelites rallied to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.) Barton thundered against abortion on demand, gay marriage, activist judges, and cultural decay. Finally, he encouraged those in attendance to vote. Citing Proverbs 29:2, he suggested the contest was ultimately one between the "righteous" and the "wicked."

It was striking language—the kind of moral absolutism that drives evangelical conservatives to the polls and drives the left batty. When I asked Terrell whether she was comfortable with that formulation—the righteous and the wicked—she said she didn't know about the presentation and emphasized that her campaign had nothing to do with it. Still, she said she had no problem with drawing such stark distinctions.

"Well, you know, people have the right to characterize how they see it," she says. "There are major differences between Mary and I, big philosophical differences. I think people see things based on



Earl Kelleny

Suzanne Terrell

their own philosophies and their own view of life. I say what I believe, and even if people disagree with my philosophy, I think the voters know I'll work hard to promote Louisiana and Louisiana values."

The RNC's push to get Christian conservatives to the polls is just one part of a broad push to cap the successful midterm elections with a win in Louisiana. A pickup there would give them a 52-48 majority in the new Senate and discourage any repeats of the 2001 Jim Jeffords defection. The National Republican Senatorial Committee has several staff members in Louisiana to support the Terrell campaign, which forced the runoff with only five full-time staff members, two of them political neophytes. The effort by national Republicans—which already includes visits by President Bush and Vice President Cheney—will intensify during the last week of the campaign.

On Monday, December 2, former President Bush will make an appearance in Monroe. On that same day, Elizabeth Dole will stump for Terrell in Shreveport. On Tuesday, the president will headline events in Shreveport and New Orleans (he won Louisiana by 8 percentage points in 2000). Terrell will kick-off a final, statewide bus tour on Wednesday, with a high-profile Republican senator, followed by appearances by presidential advisers Mary Matalin and Karen Hughes on Thursday. And the party is trying to finalize details for an appearance by Rudy Giuliani on Friday.

The contrast with Landrieu's campaign couldn't be greater. Louisiana Democrats are unlikely to see any national Democrats in the state before Election Day. Not Tom Daschle. Not Hillary Clinton. And not Al Gore. Former President Bill Clinton recorded some phone messages aimed at black voters, but the Landrieu campaign has not been warm to the idea of appearing with him. Despite the fact that Landrieu's "victory hopes," according to the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, "hinge on being able to energize black voters," Landrieu has also shunned Jesse Jackson. On November 23, Jackson attended a birthday party/fundraiser for Cleo Fields, a powerful former New Orleans congressman who only recently (and reluctantly) endorsed Landrieu. When Jackson offered his support to Landrieu, her campaign took pains to distance itself from him. According to the same *Times-Picayune* report, "the Landrieu camp said it had nothing to do with Jack-

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son's appearance in Baton Rouge or his endorsement."

If national Democrats aren't publicly rushing to Landrieu's side, staffers from the Democratic National Committee and the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee are working feverishly behind the scenes for her campaign. That has Louisiana Republicans nervous. They're bracing for what they expect to be a harsh, last-minute effort to scare blacks into voting. Rumors were flying last week throughout the Louisiana political community about the specifics of the coming nastiness. And while there was little consensus about the precise nature of the attack, there was widespread agreement that it was coming.

Republicans have taken extra precautions to safeguard election processes for the December 7 vote. Landrieu won her seat in 1996 by a 6,000 votes out of 1.7 million cast. Her opponent, Woody Jenkins, challenged the result by going to the Senate Rules Committee. After lengthy hearings on the matter, and despite finding "isolated instances" of voter fraud, the Senate concluded Landrieu's campaign had nothing to do with the electoral high jinks and seated her. But Republicans still feel slighted and vow they will be more vigilant this year. "We have extra ballot integrity programs to make sure there's no fraud," says state representative Steve Scalise, who sits on a legislative committee with oversight of elections. "With Woody's race, it wasn't that we needed more laws. It's that we didn't enforce the ones we had."

To that end, Republicans have beefed up their teams of poll-watchers—volunteers who actually sit at the precincts to monitor the process. And Scalise says the party will have a team of lawyers on standby, so that if any of the poll-watchers sees something suspicious, the problem can be addressed immediately. But with increased GOP monitoring often come Democratic cries of "voter intimidation." Says Scalise: "You can predict that at 3 P.M. on Election Day, there are going to be all of these ridiculous cries of intimidation." ♦

The Princess and Her "Charities"

The real Saudi scandal.

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

THERE IS NO MYSTERY, and there is no need for complicated theorizing, about the scandal that has struck the family of Prince Bandar bin Sultan bin Abd al-Aziz, the ambassador of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia in Washington. U.S. authorities are investigating a financial link between Prince Bandar's wife, Princess Haifa, and two of the September 11 hijackers, Khalid al-Midhar and Nawaf Alhazmi. Money the princess gave, ostensibly for an operation needed by a Saudi woman in San Diego, was passed through two cutouts, Omar al-Bayoumi and Osama Basnan—the latter reported to be an overt, public, and loud sympathizer of Osama bin Laden—to the soon-to-be hijackers. Now, the royal family's apologists in the U.S. government and media are engaging in contortions to help the Saudis explain away the money trail.

Prince Bandar

Reuters Live Photos

But the relationship between Prince Bandar, his wife, and the world of Saudi "charities," "relief workers," and "Islamic missionaries," in which diverse Saudi functionaries serve as donors, recruiters, protectors, and simple enthusiasts of terror, is elementary.

Prince Bandar, like almost all members of the Saudi royal family, belongs to the Wahhabi sect of Islam, the extremist state religion of Saudi Arabia. The involvement of the Saudi royals with Wahhabism is so inextricably close that it misses the point to ask if Princess Haifa knowingly contributed to the welfare of al-Midhar and Alhazmi while they lived their conspiratorial lives, preparing for their degraded deaths, in the United States.

Prince Bandar and Princess Haifa know that the Wahhabi religious hierarchy in Saudi Arabia preaches hatred and contempt for Christians, Jews, traditional Muslims, Shiites, Hindus, and Sikhs. They know that the same religious hierarchy has operated Islamic outreach and charitable institutions like the Muslim World League, the World Assembly of Muslim Youth, and the International Islamic Relief Organization (all with offices in the United States) that have served as cover for terrorism. They know that financial gifts or donations to these bodies or

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their hangers-on are likely to end up in the hands of the terrorists. They know that the cash-rich Saudi Joint Committee for Relief in Bosnia-Herzegovina, to cite the outstanding example, was used as a cover for terrorist infiltration into Europe.

The intentions of Princess Haifa in handing off money that wound up in terrorist hands are irrelevant, for the issue is not a charitable contribution gone astray. Rather, the issue is the overall nature of the Saudi state, the Wahhabi hierarchy, and the charitable and other institutions they control.

Since September 11, the Saudi representatives and their apologists have composed numerous pseudo-explanations for the presence of 15 Saudis among the 19 hijackers. The oleaginous Adel al-Jubeir, foreign policy adviser to Saudi crown prince Abdullah, who has made himself unwelcome among Americans with his patronizing sermonettes on fairness and recommendations about how to conduct investigations, repeats the silly claim that Osama bin Laden "chose" 15 Saudis as a gambit to ruin the U.S.-Saudi relationship. But 15 out of 19 was not a tactic. Saudis are the largest national contingent by far in al Qaeda. Their profile in the September 11 attacks reflects their profile in the Islamofascist international. More important, September 11 was an outcome of the indoctrination of Saudi society in the Wahhabi mentality.

The same is true of the money trail that now turns out to have soiled the princess's expensive shoes. The tracing of terrorist funds to the royal family cannot come as a surprise to anyone who understands the intimate relationship of the Saudi state to Wahhabi extremism. The Saudi royals are so embedded in Wahhabism they are conditioned to ignore the consequences of such "charity."

It is unsurprising, then, that U.S. authorities have questioned personnel from the Saudi embassy's Islamic Affairs section about their relationship with Omar al-Bayoumi. Recently, the Foundation for the Defense of Democracies (my employer), in conjunction with the Saudi Institute, issued a report (available at *www.defenddemocracy.org*) on the role of the Islamic Affairs section in distributing Wahhabi hate literature in the United States. But those who have followed the activities of Islamic terror charities also recognize an interesting fact about al-Midhar and Alhazmi, the hijacker recipients of the princess's largesse. These men were not mere foot soldiers in the conspiracy. They are the same two men who were tracked by Malaysian intelligence and the CIA after their attendance at an al Qaeda planning meeting in Kuala Lumpur in 2000, as they traveled across the Pacific and into this country—where their trail went cold thanks to bureaucratic infighting between the CIA and the FBI. They were big fish—perhaps among the biggest in the team.

Further, the global travels of al-Midhar and Alhazmi fit exactly the pattern of Wahhabi "missionaries" and "relief workers" serving in the terrorist apparatus: plenty of movement, plenty of cover. If everybody else knew these two were bad news, and everybody else knew that Osama Basnan was a bin Ladenite, why did Bandar and his wife remain supine about these facts until they were exposed in the media? How does that square with the status of the chief of the Washington diplomatic corps, representing our oldest ally in the Arab world?

We need no advice from the Saudis on how to investigate these issues, especially since they themselves refuse to fulfill their responsibilities in this area. The deep social crisis of the Saudi kingdom has been aggravated by the consequences of September 11. The outcome will affect the destiny of the Islamic global community for generations. It is time for the United States to insist on a full accounting of Saudi involvement in September 11, justice for the perpetrators, and a complete break with Wahhabism by the Saudi state. Nothing else will do—for our moral health and theirs. ♦

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Still Hollow After All These Years

The war on terror is underfunded.

BY TOM DONNELLY

PRESIDENT BUSH so bestrides the American political landscape that his power exceeds his agenda. Already the bills for a Department of Homeland Security and terrorism insurance have been whisked through by a lame-duck Congress, which also, for good measure, approved the appeals-court nomination of Judge Dennis Shedd. Now what?

The more cautious Republicans are hoping the president takes a modest, one-step-at-a-time approach to the coming legislative year, piling up small victories without giving Democrats any issue around which to rally their broken party. Many conservatives, salivating at the prospect of exercising majority power, believe the president should go for the big play on deeper tax cuts, strict-constructionist judges, or Social Security privatization.

There is, however, another goal worth working towards, one both bold and consequential, but also unlikely to become a rallying point for Democrats: a dramatic increase in defense spending. The president could thus stick to the security agenda that is the key to his strength as a leader and at the same time make up for the administration's biggest shortcoming—its failure to reverse the deterioration of the American military that began in the '90s. As it stands, the continued success of the Bush Doctrine rests upon a military force built by—and weakened by—Bill Clinton.

American military forces are already too small for all the missions they've been assigned. The two-war standard that has been the basis of U.S. military planning since the 19th century has been abandoned (ironically, this happened just months before September 11). The pinch from trying to bring about change on the cheap is already being felt.

Delivering the relatively small predeployments for war in Iraq—there are perhaps 60,000 soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines in the theater—has been difficult for America's brittle global military structure. And though the coming war will employ a smaller, more maneuverable, and more lethal force than did the 1991 Gulf War, it may well place greater stress on the overall active-duty force.

A drawn-out dance with U.N. inspectors will also play havoc with military preparations. Like an athlete straining to achieve maximum fitness for a championship game, U.S. forces will soon reach a peak of readiness that cannot be maintained forever. Sending three or four carrier battle groups, for example, to the Gulf region (as opposed to the six used in Desert Storm), demands that the Navy "surge" its deployments. The other services, likewise, are synchronizing personnel, maintenance, and training cycles in expectation of imminent action. While there is no guns-of-August inevitability to these cycles, "standing down" from mobilization does mean it will take some months to stand back up.

And fighting could turn out to be the easy part. Extended post-combat stabilization in Iraq—even if victory comes quickly—will pose a larger problem still for overstretched forces. Here the burden will fall disproportionately on the shrunken U.S. Army, though other branches might be shifted to help out: Air Force units that have been based in Saudi Arabia for the past decade could be relocated to Iraq, and Navy deployments probably would return to "normal," which means a carrier group on station in the region all the time.

One reason the Bush administration has been so reluctant to commit to nation-building in Iraq is that doing so would compromise the ability of U.S. forces to meet obligations elsewhere. Commitments in the Balkans and Afghanistan (and other, smaller missions including the one in the Sinai) already consume a worrying percentage of Army manpower, including almost the entire European garrison. A long-term Army presence of even one division—the size of the initial Bosnia deployment—would essentially tie up the entire force for years to come. Smaller elite units such as the 82nd Airborne could and should be reconstituted after the war is over, but the remaining few divisions stationed in the United States would find themselves enmeshed in a permanent cycle of rotations to one hot spot or another. Soldiers would be either in Iraq, returning from Iraq, or preparing to go to Iraq if not some other distant constabulary duty.

If pacifying Iraq requires a larger force—and replacing the Baath regime with a representative government while holding the country together is a big job—then an extended call-up of reservists may be needed. But the current mobilization system was not designed for simultaneous commitments of partial force scattered across the globe. It was designed for an all-out world war, that is, total commitment in one region. Service personnel experts, both military and civilian, admit the already strained system will likely collapse under the weight of foreseeable new commitments.

Thus does the Bush Doctrine promise to challenge the fundamental premise of the all-volunteer, professional force. During the Cold War

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Kim Kyung-Hoon / Reuters

U.S. Army troops under review, Seoul, South Korea, November 5, 2002

and immediately afterwards, the United States could offer its soldiers something very much like an American middle-class life. Being in the armed forces was a job with something like regular hours that happened to take a soldier and his or her family to a foreign country. Army and Air Force duty was largely garrison duty. But the war on terror is drastically changing military service. American soldiers will not be taking their families to Iraq.

And Iraq is only one element of the overall war on terror. No other combat action may be as large—although what might be required to keep Pakistan from falling into the wrong hands could rival or exceed the task of removing Saddam—but the potential extent and duration of U.S. commitment is enormous. The war on terror involves a handful of rogue regimes plus a loose confederation of radical Islamic terrorist groups like al Qaeda that stretches from the eastern Mediterranean to southern Asia. Furthermore, as large as the war on terror is and may become, it is but one of the global jobs for the sole superpower.

Not only is today's force too small, it's getting old, dangerously so. The American military remains the most technologically sophisticated on the planet, yet it hasn't really bought a new class of weaponry since Ronald Reagan was president. As superb as today's aircraft, ships, and land combat vehicles are, they represent designs of the 1970s. New production programs like the F-22 strike fighter have been so starved of funds during the past decade that they now represent investments of limited value—1980s designs meant to enter service in the 1990s. But scrapping late-Cold-War designs entirely would be a far worse alternative. Indeed, there is no real alternative. New stockpiles of smart weapons can extend the utility of today's platforms, but they don't obviate the need for new platforms.

Nor is "transformation"—the administration's favorite buzzword—proving to be the low-budget answer to all strategic questions. Transformation enthusiasts assumed the end of the Soviet empire had created a "strategic pause" that allowed the United States to "divest" itself of obsolete missions, forces, and weaponry at little risk. Until China matured into the next great power threat, Pentagon thinking went, there wasn't much to worry about. Funds wasted on today's force were better spent inventing the smaller, faster, cheaper forces of tomorrow.

The Bush administration's first attempt at restructuring U.S. forces, the 2001 Quadrennial Defense Review, failed badly. (Remember, before September 11, when Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld was rumored to be the first cabinet casualty?) The upcoming 2004 defense budget is supposed to be a second shot at transformation, but the latest news suggests the request will be less than revolutionary.

Fixing these problems, making up for a decade of defense neglect and closing the growing gap between strategic ends and military means, will be an expensive proposition. Previous estimates of what was required to reverse Clinton's military legacy called for an additional $75 to $100 billion annually. That now seems underpriced in light of the events of the past year. But even a larger increase would hold total military spending to less than 5 percent of gross domestic product, low by recent historical standards.

National security doctrines that aren't backed by adequate force are meaningless. Imagine, in 1950, if President Truman had committed the United States to war in Korea and to contain communism without reversing the drawdown of forces after World War II. Like the Cold War, the contest against regional rogues like Saddam Hussein and terrorists like al Qaeda (and the commitment to contain Chinese Communist ambitions) promises to be a long struggle. President Bush has been frank about this, and his candor has won him the trust of the American people—and a Congress in support. He's been given extraordinary latitude in reorganizing the government to protect the homeland. And if he asks for it, he will be given the defense budget needed to defeat the enemy abroad. ♦

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Reinventing Iraq

The Trieste model.

BY AUSTIN BAY

WHEN TAMERLANE retook Baghdad in 1401, delivering mail and feeding babies weren't post-conflict priorities. Ticked that the Baghdadis had the cheek to revolt, the warlord put the city to the sword. There was no Fox or CNN to report the massacre. Tamerlane's signal—a message all too often sent by Mesopotamian tyrants past and present—was received nonetheless: Resist and you will die.

Pity General Tommy Franks or, for that matter, any American military commander tasked with overseeing a post-Saddam Baghdad. For in that amorphous, dicey phase the Pentagon calls "war termination," they will be radically departing from the Tamerlane template. U.S. and allied forces liberating Iraq will attempt—more or less simultaneously—to end combat operations, cork public passions, disarm Iraqi battalions, bury the dead, generate electricity, pump potable water, bring law out of embittering lawlessness, empty jails of political prisoners, pack jails with criminals, turn armed partisans into peaceful citizens, rearm local cops who were once enemy infantry, shoot terrorists, thwart chiselers, carpetbaggers, and black marketeers, fix sewers, feed refugees, patch potholes, get trash trucks rolling, and accomplish all this under the lidless gaze of Peter Jennings and Al Jazeera.

Of course, how Saddam falls, by internal coup, assassination, or invasion, will deeply affect the initial shape of post-Saddam Iraq. But under any circumstances, Washington must have governing policies, implementing procedures, and Iraqi political personalities in line before the regime's dispatch.

That's why the Bush White House, the State Department, the Pentagon, and a cost-plus shadow government of Beltway consultants have been hashing and rehashing options for governing a post-Saddam Iraq. Frankly, there is no perfect model for reinventing Iraq. Afghanistan is still an experiment, though the interplay of tribal and sectarian factions is instructive. The democratic reconstruction of Japan and Germany after World War II are the favorite analogies of most pundits. But the parallels are weak. Japan is a homogenous society, and MacArthur let the Japanese keep their emperor. With the emperor as puppet, the American Caesar pulled the strings. Iraq is fractious, a Baghdad satrapy with rebellious provinces, ruled by a despot who is more Al Capone than Hirohito. While Iraqi de-Baathification could be compared to German de-Nazification—they are both fascist doctrines that morally corrupted and destroyed generations—the postwar German occupation rapidly became a Cold War confrontation. And Iran is no USSR.

There is, however, an almost unmentioned model that some U.S. military planners are beginning to consider: the post-World War II Anglo-American Allied Military Government (AMG) in Trieste. The Trieste AMG's experience provides useful insights at what the military calls the operational and tactical levels.

Consider the strategic, cultural, and ethnic tectonics. Trieste, an odd Italian city that was once the Austro-Hungarian empire's main seaport (and a James Joyce hangout), lies on the fault line where the "Latin, Slav, and German worlds collide" (Dennison Rusinow's phrase in *What Ever Happened to the Trieste Question?*). In Mesopotamia the Iranian, Kurd, Arab, and Turk worlds collide.

In early May 1945, as allied troops assumed control of Trieste, they had to confront armed factions that short days before had been nominal allies. These armed factions had contradictory goals. Yugoslav (Slovene predominantly, with some Croat and Croat Serb) partisans occupied parts of Trieste. An Italian democratic resistance force, the Comitato di Liberazione Nazionale (CLN) also emerged. The Yugoslavs quickly began forming their own (Communist) military administration. On May 5, the Yugoslavs fired on a pro-Italian demonstration, killing at least five people.

In post-Saddam Iraq, Kurd and Shiite factions won't be the only armed contestants. Rebellious Iraqi Army units, led by officers with legitimate anti-Saddam credentials, will stake political claims.

The Trieste-region Allied Military Government responded with "show of force" actions that disarmed the partisan detachments, at least in the city. The AMG also established a special police force manned by locals that was run by Colonel Gerald Richardson, a former London cop. The AMG moved quickly on the judicial front with "proceedings of epuration" (purging) against former fascists. Security from thugs, protection from ethnic and political reprisal, and democratic judicial processes (in contrast to Mussolini's despotism) gave the public confidence. The people of the Trieste region also went to work on AMG-directed civil reconstruction projects.

Fear, loathing, and lack of money will be the enemies in a post-Saddam Iraq. There will probably be a "honeymoon" period, as Iraqis of all ethnic and religious groups rejoice in their liberation. An allied transi-

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tion government must be ready to take full advantage of it. Again, the Trieste precedents are suggestive.

The Bush administration's plan to prepare 3,000 to 5,000 Iraqi troops to help maintain order after liberation is in line with the Trieste experience of putting local security forces on the ground. Rebuilding Iraq's damaged infrastructure, including oil facilities, should be seen as an opportunity to provide the Iraqi people with jobs and point them toward a better, more productive future. The Trieste AMG faced a monetary crisis with political undercurrents. Slovenes rejected the lira. To avoid such conflicts, we will probably want to dollarize the Iraqi economy. That's the currency already preferred by Kurds and Shiites, anyway.

Resolving "the Trieste question" in the context of the Cold War eventually led to the partitioning of the Istrian peninsula between Italy and Tito's Yugoslavia—an uncomfortable augur given Iraq's internal divisions. Turkey rejects a separate Kurd state. Bahrain and Kuwait are not interested in seeing a separate Shiite state solidify around Basra.

Identifying and airing issues like these argues for the establishment as soon as possible of a national council in exile—a broad coalition that affirms the territorial integrity of post-Saddam Iraq. The idea isn't to create a provisional Iraqi government, but to provide a forum for debating how to build a new one. Critics who say such advance planning gives certain exile groups a head start have a point. However, rebel Iraqi generals, with guns on the ground, will also have a "head start," much as Trieste's Slovene partisans did. A national council, a not-quite-government, becomes a platform for negotiating before rather than after power-grabs.

It will also help Tommy Franks prepare to deliver the mail. Post-Saddam Iraq is sure to be a tough route for any postman. ♦

The Beginning of the Bush Epoch?

Conditions may be ripe for a long-term realignment in 2004. BY JEFFREY BELL & FRANK CANNON

If the last 180 years of American politics are any guide, the 2004 election will see one of the two major parties become dominant in presidential politics for 36 years.

If that seems a bit deterministic, consider these facts. In 1824, Andrew Jackson won a strong plurality in the popular vote and in the Electoral College. Though Jackson was denied the presidency by the House of Representatives, his showing was the harbinger of a 36-year period in which the mass-based Democratic party he and his followers fashioned lost only two subsequent presidential races.

In 1860, Abraham Lincoln became the first Republican president. In the subsequent 36 years, Grover Cleveland's two non-consecutive terms were the only exceptions to Republican control of the White House.

In 1896, rural-based populist forces led by William Jennings Bryan crushed Cleveland's followers at the national convention and took over the Democratic party. Republican nominee William McKinley took advantage of the rupture, scoring a breakthrough in the rapidly growing cities of the Northeast and Midwest. For 36 years, only Woodrow Wilson's two terms interrupted a GOP hegemony significantly more one-sided than the regionally based Civil War alignment of 1860-96.

In 1932, Franklin Roosevelt scored a colossal landslide, which inaugurated the New Deal era. In the subsequent 36 years, Republicans held the presidency for only the two terms of war hero Dwight Eisenhower.

In 1968, the upheavals of the 1960s shattered the New Deal coalition and made Richard Nixon president. Even though Nixon's was a failed presidency and Democrats retained predominance in Congress until 1994, they still managed only three victories in the nine presidential elections of the post-New Deal era. The allotted 36 years are up year after next.

If there is one reason why 2004 may *not* see a realignment, it is, paradoxically, the strong political hand enjoyed by President Bush in the wake of the surprising GOP gains of 2002. The pattern of strong presidents seeking reelection is that they tend not to risk running on the kind of defining issues that make for realignments. In fact, a long-term partisan realignment has never been triggered by a sitting president successfully seeking reelection.

Recent presidents who won their second election—Eisenhower, Nixon, Reagan, and Clinton—started ahead, or pulled ahead early in the cycle, and played not to lose. They largely avoided mistakes and won handily, but provided little in the way of coattails to their party. Remarkably, the parties of these winners all suffered net losses in the U.S. Senate, and none scored a gain of even 15 seats in the House. Since the rise of split-ticket voting after World War II, a successful presidential reelection has invariably turned into a "lonely landslide."

What would have to happen for George W. Bush to break this pattern and trigger a decisive Republican trend in the middle of a two-term

Jeffrey Bell and Frank Cannon are principals of Capital City Partners, a Washington consulting firm.

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presidency? Something similar to the phenomenon that enabled him to break all the rules and make gains in both the House and Senate in his first midterm: a continuation and acceleration of the significant breach between the Democratic party and the electorate that began to be obvious this fall.

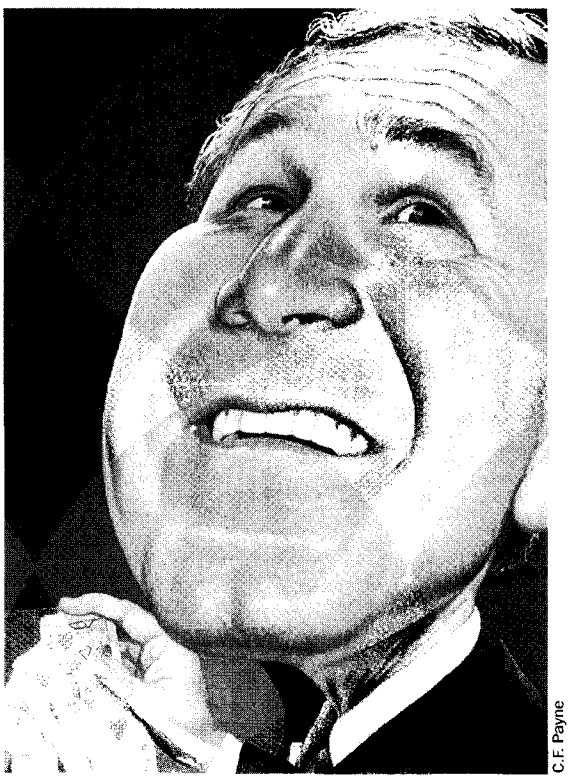
The Democrats' 2002 campaign involved little more than a series of constituent-group attacks on the Republicans. According to the Democrats, Republicans were opposed to seniors' interests, women's rights, and the economic well-being of workers.

President Bush countered with an appeal to the larger national purpose. The events of September 11 called for a direct response to terror abroad and a coordinated response at home through the formation of a Department of Homeland Security. He personally challenged the Democrats' division and incoherence on Iraq and their seeming placement of labor-union interests above homeland security.

Reacting to their setback, Democratic elites seem to have concluded that they were too tepid in their attacks on Republicans, that they failed to make an aggressive enough case against Bush's interventionism abroad and his conservative economic and social policies at home. The fault lines, they believe, need to be sharpened.

It is in this context that Bush now has an opportunity to forge Republican majorities for the next generation. On the foreign policy front, the president continues to make the case that Islamic terrorism is an enormous, worldwide threat to our way of life. America must rise to this danger by confronting outlaw regimes, with military force if necessary, to deprive them and their terrorist allies of weapons of mass destruction. It is at root a simple and direct moral argument. Democratic counterarguments all rest, at least implicitly, on minimizing the implications of the devastation and loss of life that occurred in the orchestrated attacks of September 11, 2001.

On the domestic front, Bush in his first two years has begun a line of argument that also appeals to the collective strength of the nation. He has called for a renewed commitment to citizenship through volunteer service. In a speech at Notre Dame University in the spring of 2001 he outlined a war on poverty and drug addiction designed to replace failed top-down bureaucracies with community and faith-based healing. He has endorsed fatherhood initiatives and efforts to strengthen marriage. He continues to articulate the view that immigrants bring economic strength and vitality to our national life. He has endorsed a ban on human cloning that respects the fundamental sanctity of the person. He has condemned failed education policies as perpetuating a "soft bigotry" that expects too little of young Americans in minority communities.


C.F. Payne

In response, Democrats have returned again and again, perhaps at times unconsciously, to their view of America as a collection of interest groups. They oppose the faith-based initiative at the behest of the gay rights lobby and educational choice on behalf of the teachers' unions. They defend sexual freedom and individual expression as unqualified goods. In contrast, President Bush is attempting to set forth a domestic agenda of national purpose founded on service to others and collective responsibility to address the social pathologies brought on by drug addiction, poverty, the dissolution of families, and the failed education system.

No one would be surprised, and few Republicans would complain, if the president and his team decided that winning a world war was enough to focus on in the coming two years. Our guess is that in normal circumstances the outcome of such a decision would be an Eisenhower-Reagan-style "lonely landslide" that would continue to see the nation closely divided in Congress and at the state and local level, perhaps with the mild Republican edge that emerged in 2002.

But the circumstances are not normal, and the decision is not exclusively in the hands of the president and his party. There is a compulsion among top Democrats to take their various disagreements with Bush to their logical conclusions, and an implacability in their desire to deny Bush even limited victories, particularly on domestic issues related to his vision of America.

Thus the bizarre self-remaking of Al Gore from the pro-growth, pro-defense New Democrat of the 1990s into the antiwar, anti-capitalist, anti-traditional-family Al Gore of his 2002 book tour may prove to be, for Democrats, not aberrational but central. If it is, and if the president responds by defending his vision and his program without apology, 2004 may after all be remembered as the Bush realignment. ♦

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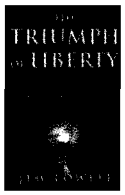

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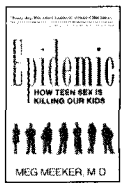

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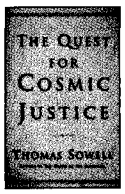

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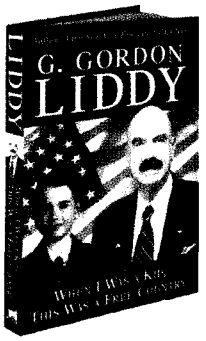

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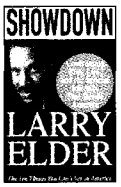

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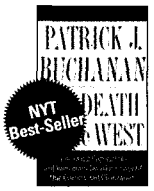

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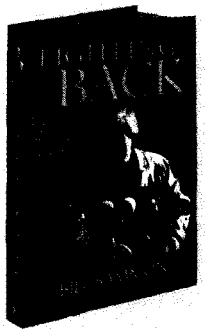

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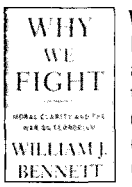

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The Obsolescence of Deterrence

Cold War nostalgia grips the antiwar movement. Apparently they've forgotten about the balance of terror.

By Charles Krauthammer

When President Bush enunciated his radical new doctrine of preemption, the forcible disarmament of rogue possessors of weapons of mass destruction, it was met with a mixture of disdain and consternation by a foreign policy establishment instinctively allergic to new doctrines. Most objected that this policy, aimed today at Iraq, was simply too reckless and costly, risking disastrous outcomes—from *Black Hawk Down* urban fighting in Baghdad to chemical and bioweapon attacks on American troops or Iraq's neighbors.

But those are mere prudential objections. The more fundamental objection was that in principle the idea of disarming Saddam Hussein and his ilk does not withstand scrutiny. Not because preemptive disarming is too costly but because it is unnecessary. Why? Because deterrence works. "I have seen no persuasive evidence," argued Sen. Ted Kennedy, "that Saddam would not be deterred from attacking U.S. interests by America's overwhelming military superiority." So why go to war to disarm him? "Containment of Saddam is so far working," said Sen. Carl Levin, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. "He will not in my judgment initiate an attack with a weapon of mass destruction, because it would lead to his own destruction if he did that. He's a survivalist."

Of course, now that the Security Council has ordered Saddam to cough up his weapons of mass destruction or face "serious consequences," Kennedy and Levin and other leaders who had strenuously spoken out against the war have fallen silent, wisely not wishing to be seen as to the left of France on this issue. Who can object to Saddam's unilateral disarmament, achieved through the painless means of U.N. inspections?

It is most unlikely, however, that Saddam will succumb to the patient prodding of Hans Blix and disarm peacefully. If he doesn't, there will be no escaping the choice: preemptive war or living with Saddam's weapons of mass destruction. President Bush has made it clear that if left with this choice, he will see to it that Saddam is forcibly disarmed by the American military and whatever allies join us.

Therefore, when this hiatus of cozy consensus ends—as it inevitably will either when Saddam violates Security Council Resolution 1441 to the satisfaction of France, or when the United States loses patience with both Saddam's cheating and the Security Council's equivocation—the question of a war over these weapons of mass destruction will return. It cannot be otherwise. This is the central question of our time, extending far beyond Iraq. How to deal with the inevitable proliferation of weapons of mass destruction to rogue states: preempt or deter?

The case for deterrence rests on the following syllogism:

Weapons of mass destruction were not invented yesterday. We have half a century of experience on how to keep them from being used. What kept the peace with a hostile nuclear superpower was deterrence: The Soviet Union had nukes; we had nukes; both sides knew that if they dared use their nukes first, they would be obliterated. Saddam Hussein is infinitely weaker than such vast continental superpowers. He will certainly be as deterrable as the Soviets were. As Brent Scowcroft put it: "Threatening to use these weapons for blackmail—much less their actual use—would open him and his entire regime to a devastating response by the U.S. While Saddam is thoroughly evil, he is above all a power-hungry survivor." Why does the president feel, asks Zbigniew Brzezinski, that "deterrence doesn't work, when it worked with such murderous, dangerous tyrants as

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Stalin, as Mao Zedong. It worked during the Cuban missile crisis"?

The first problem with this argument is its nostalgia for containment and nuclear deterrence. Like all nostalgia, especially Cold War nostalgia, it depends on a memory that is highly selective. And fuzzy. It presents the international relations of the second half of the 20th century as simple and stable. They were not. We came more than once to the brink of Armageddon. In October 1962, we came to within a single misjudgment, a single miscommunication, perhaps even a single overeager fighter pilot. Had one thing gone wrong—for example, had Kennedy not ignored a particularly belligerent message from Khrushchev while acknowledging a more conciliatory subsequent message—the United States and the Soviet Union might well have reduced each other to a smoking ruin.

The fact that we escaped is not an argument for the stability of deterrence. It is an argument for luck. Indeed, it is an argument for trying to escape deterrence and find sturdier ground for human survival. If the Cuban missile crisis is evidence of the virtues of deterrence, God help us. It brought us closer to the abyss than any event in human history, and could very well have taken us over had the United States and the Soviet Union had different leaders at the time. The world will not survive more than a very few missile-crisis equivalents before someone makes a blunder that precipitates catastrophic nuclear war.

Deterrence nostalgics also conveniently forget its debilitating psychological effects. For fifty years, the peace of the world hinged on a balance of terror. As Churchill memorably characterized the central paradox, "Safety will be the sturdy child of terror, and survival the twin brother of annihilation." Terror and paradox are not easy to live with. To rest strategic stability on terror and paradox is to ask a lot of a democratic society.

Sometimes too much. During the now warmly remembered Cold War, ban-the-bomb and disarmament movements erupted with dismaying regularity. They reached their apogee during the nuclear hysteria that swept Western Europe and the United States in the early 1980s. This widespread collapse of the consensus in favor of deterrence saw the largest political demonstration in American history, an anti-nuclear rally that brought over 700,000 protesters to New York City in June 1982. Opinion leaders, academics, physicians' groups, major media, and the Democratic party were so seized by fear of nuclear war that they frantically sought escape by either a ridiculous solution—a nuclear freeze (it passed the House of Representatives 278-149)—or a disastrous one: unilateral disarmament. Indeed, the book that sparked the frenzy, Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth*, perhaps the most celebrated book of the time, was an indictment of deterrence and a manifesto for disarmament.

Learned psychiatrists testified to the heavy psychological price America was paying for deterrence. High suicide rates, teen depression, drug use, and anomie were attributed to the unbearable stresses of living under a nuclear cloud. According to Harvard's Dr. John Mack, it was the cause of "widespread fear, sadness, helplessness, cynicism and anger." However hyped these claims, the very fact that they were made, widely published and widely received, shows how traumatized the country had become by the very thought of living under the balance of terror. When at the apex of the hysteria ABC screened *The Day After*, a film that depicted a nuclear attack on the United States, psychologists and counselors were deployed the next morning throughout the country, and especially in the schools, to try to calm the panic. Such was the stability, both strategic and psychological, of a balance of terror.

One cannot leave the subject of the opposition to deterrence during the Cold War without noting the hypocrisy of the antiwar movement's current newfound affection for deterrence. It spent the better part of the Cold War not only trying to scare the hell out of the citizenry about living under deterrence, but trying to establish its fundamental immorality. In 1983, for example, the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops issued a famous pastoral letter on nuclear war at the height of the controversy over the nuclear freeze and the deployment of American Pershing and cruise missiles in Europe (to counter the Soviets' installation of intermediate-range SS20s in their part of Europe). Not surprisingly, the bishops found that deterrence, which rested, of course, on an American threat to launch a nuclear attack, violated just war theory: "It is not morally acceptable to intend to kill the innocent as part of a strategy of deterring nuclear war." Twenty years later, the bishops are again invoking just war theory to argue for the immorality of a preemptive war on Iraq—"We fear that resort to war . . . would not meet the strict conditions in Catholic teaching for overriding the strong presumption against the use of military force"—a war whose very purpose would be to strip Iraq of its weapons of mass destruction and thus escape the dilemmas (and immoralities) of deterrence.

Similarly on the secular left, the same people who for decades did everything they could to undermine deter-

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rence have now all of a sudden discovered its virtues. In contrast, the honest position on the dilemmas of deterrence was best exemplified by Ronald Reagan. As president, Reagan did everything he could to bolster deterrence—his military buildup so outstripped the Soviets as to convince them ultimately to sue for peace in the Cold War—but only as a temporary measure in the absence of any substitute. He was a provisional supporter of deterrence, but was never satisfied with it because ultimately he felt it *was* immoral. He kept looking for an alternative different from that offered by the left, which was unilateral disarmament and surrender.

Which explains Reagan's extraordinary enthusiasm for strategic defense, which he proposed with utter sincerity as a means of escaping the moral dilemmas of mutual assured destruction. His idea of ballistic missile defenses was greeted with the same skepticism that has greeted the Bush doctrine of preemption. Twenty years later, the idea of nuclear defenses is not only widely accepted but is the official policy of the United States. The reason is simple. No people want to live in a hair-trigger situation in which their safety depends on the threat of the annihilation of millions.

Is this the posture we wish to adopt toward Iraq and other rogue states? At least during the Cold War one could justify deterrence on the grounds that there was simply no other choice. The balance of terror was imposed on us by necessity. The Soviets developed nuclear capability at a time when they were a great conventional superpower. They could not be disarmed (preemption would have required a surprise American nuclear attack). Saddam can be.

We would be choosing to live in deterrence with Saddam. Why? Had we had the choice of disarming the Soviets by more palatable means, say, a limited military operation like Israel's destruction of Saddam's Osirak reactor, it might have been a reasonable option. We have that choice today with Iraq. The deterrence nostalgics reject it, preferring to live voluntarily under a new balance of terror.

The current deterrence school starts with the assumption that there is no stopping the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction, but there is no great need to worry because deterrence can deal with the problem. It takes the model of the bipolar late 20th century—two superpowers deterring each other and keeping the peace—and applies it to the 21st century. But the 21st century is not bipolar. WMD technology is spreading and coming within the reach of dozens of countries. Under such circumstances, the logic of deterrence argues perversely for increased proliferation—if everyone has nukes, everyone is deterred, and no one will use them. Safety through deterrence; universal safety through universal deterrence.

There's no escaping this logic. Yet it is plainly a huge bet against everything we know about human nature. It is also a terrible tempting of statistics. The proliferation of weapons of mass destruction will certainly include increasingly unstable and unbalanced characters. It will mean that even such inherently undeterrable substate groups as al Qaeda will in time get these weapons. The result will inevitably be a deeply unstable international structure that promises to break down at myriad points in the future, even the near future.

The case for deterrence, drawing on the bipolar Cold War, leads inexorably to a world of hyperproliferation. This is madness. As the era of weapons of mass destruction dawns, the better approach is to deny them—forcibly if necessary—to very bad actors. Starting with Saddam. Indeed, making an example of Saddam.

Ironically, the preemption option, if adopted, will serve as a higher form of deterrence. The idea of preemption is to deter states not from using weapons of mass destruction but from acquiring them in the first place. If you are merely deterring WMD use in war, it is already too late. You become open to precisely the kind of nuclear blackmail to which North Korea is today subjecting the United States (and Japan and South Korea). Preemption is a kind of pre-deterrence that stops the threat at an earlier, safer stage.

Overthrowing Saddam because of his refusal to relinquish these weapons would be a clear demonstration to other tyrants that attempting to acquire WMD is a losing proposition: Not only do they not purchase you immunity (as in classical deterrence), they purchase you extinction. You will be not only disarmed but dethroned. A death penalty (political or literal) for the attempted acquisition of these weapons should concentrate the mind of those contemplating acquiring them. Taken together with other nonproliferation measures, such as export controls, preemption can be the most potent deterrent to proliferation.

There are good reasons to oppose war on Iraq. Nostalgia for deterrence is not one of them. War with Iraq might indeed be costly; the risks need to be carefully weighed. But the case for preemptive war cannot be dismissed with the easy and unexamined invocation of deterrence. Yes, deterrence worked in the past. But in the past it was a play with very few actors. And even under those circumstances, the best of circumstances, deterrence was psychologically debilitating, inherently unstable, and highly dangerous. To voluntarily choose it as the principle on which to rest our safety in this age of weapons of mass destruction is sheer folly. ♦

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The False Allure of "Stability"

It's neither good nor bad, it depends on what the alternatives are.

By Max Boot

Of the many silly reasons propounded for leaving Saddam Hussein on his blood-stained throne, the silliest has to be the suggestion that to remove him would promote "instability." As a guiding philosophy for policy-making, the mantra of "instability bad, stability good"—endlessly repeated by foreign policy mandarins—is about as useful as "Great taste, less filling."

Stability is not inherently good or bad. It depends on what kind you're talking about, and what the alternatives are. Stalinist Russia was very stable; one ruler stayed in power for almost 30 years, and anyone who threatened public order was shot or shipped off to the gulag. By contrast, postwar Italy has not been terribly stable; governments seem to change as often as hemlines. But where would you rather live—in Russia in the 1930s or Italy since World War II?

Stalinist Russia was very stable; one ruler stayed in power for almost 30 years, and anyone who threatened public order was shot.

On the stability spectrum, the Middle East is closer to the old Soviet Union than to Italy. Which may seem odd since, in the popular mind, the Middle East is wracked by instability. Indeed, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict generates horrific images of violence for our TV screens on a daily basis. Yet look behind the headlines. The only country in the entire region that sees regular changes of government is Israel, which is now in the midst of yet another election campaign. On the surface, Israel looks pretty unstable. Israel's enemies in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, on the other hand, are models of stability: They have been led by one man, Yasser Arafat, for more than 30 years.

The same pattern holds throughout the Arab world. There was a brief period of instability in the Middle East—of coups and revolutions—following the end of colonial rule after World War II. But since the 1960s the political scene has been all but set in amber. The longevity of Arab rulers, whether styled as presidents, emirs, kings, or prime ministers, recalls that of the Sun King. Muammar Qaddafi has ruled without interruption for 33 years; Saddam Hussein, 23 years; Hosni Mubarak, 21 years; King Fahd, 20 years; Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, 13 years; Ali Abdullah Saleh of Yemen, 24 years; Zine el-Abidine ben Ali of Tunisia, 15 years.

Only the Grim Reaper is able to change rulers with any regularity. When a potentate does pop off, his successor is likely to be his son—a pattern that holds in both monarchies like Jordan (where Abdullah II succeeded Hussein) and thugocracies like Syria (where Bashir Assad succeeded dear old Hafez). Saddam is grooming his two bad-boy sons, Uday and Qusay, to take over the family business. Hosni Mubarak is doing the same with his kid, Gamal. Liberalization is occurring in a few spots like Qatar, Bahrain, and Morocco, but it is a slow and gradual process that has yet to threaten the monarchs' hold on power.

The Arab world has seen no shortage of stability and it has resulted in stagnation and worse. The United Nations

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recently issued an Arab Human Development Report compiled by a group of Arab scholars. It painted a depressing picture of a region marked by poverty, illiteracy, poor public health, lack of a free press, and little access to the Internet. All this want comes amid plenty—plenty of oil, that is. But ample natural resources have not prevented the Arab world from sinking in many categories to the level of sub-Saharan Africa. One of the few indices where the region scores high is—you guessed it—"political stability."

What accounts for this backwardness? The U.N. report's authors make a halfhearted attempt to blame the Jews: "Israel's illegal occupation of Arab lands is one of the most pervasive obstacles to security and progression in the region," they write. But even if Israeli occupation were worse for the West Bank and Gaza Strip than PLO occupation (and the record indicates otherwise), Israel is only a small sliver of the Middle East. The rest of the region is not run by evil Christians or Jews. It is run by evil Muslims, or, at best, corrupt and inefficient Muslims. The people of the Middle East know the problem intimately; they live with bad governments every day. Naturally they feel great anger towards their rulers, but they have no way to achieve peaceful regime change.

In their frustration, many Arabs cast blame on the United States, which, rightly or wrongly, is seen as the guarantor of corrupt governments in Cairo, Riyadh, and beyond. Ayman al-Zawahiri, an Eygptian leader of al Qaeda, writes: "The Jewish-crusader alliance, led by the United States, will not allow any Muslim force to reach power in the Islamic countries. It will mobilize all its power to hit it and remove it from power." Therefore, Islamic radicals reason, they must first bring down the United States before they can bring down their own governments.

They are probably mistaken. Mubarak and the Saudi royals are perfectly capable of oppressing their own people without any help from the United States. But al-Zawahiri does have a point: The United States backs Mubarak and the Saudis because Washington thinks the devil we know is better than the one who may take power afterward.

This cynical calculation has bought us security cooperation from a number of Middle Eastern regimes, such as Jordan and Egypt, which are able to torture and execute terrorists in ways that we dare not (yet). This security arrangement is not to be gainsaid, even if the regimes aren't especially scrupulous in separating genuine terrorists from mere dissidents. Unfortunately, in the case of our friends in Saudi Arabia, U.S. support buys rather less. The Council on Foreign Relations recently took the Saudis to task in a report for failing to cooperate adequately in shutting off terrorist financing. Perhaps the Saudis are too busy spewing anti-American propaganda so vitriolic it would make Goebbels blush.

Whatever the short-term security gains from cooperating with illiberal Middle Eastern regimes, America pays a heavy long-term price by incurring the enmity of their peoples. This hatred has already cost us well over 3,000 American lives, which seems a lot to pay for stability.

It is impossible to say, of course, whether instability would be better than the status quo, but in the case of Iraq, at least, the dangers suggested by the worry-warts seem grossly exaggerated. The case for concern was well summarized in a letter that Bishop Wilton D. Gregory, president of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops, sent to President Bush on September 13:

> War against Iraq could have unpredictable consequences not only for Iraq but for peace and stability elsewhere in the Middle East. Would preventive or preemptive force succeed in thwarting serious threats, or, instead, provoke the very kind of attacks that it is intended to prevent? How would another war in Iraq impact the civilian population, in the short- and long-term? How many more innocent people would suffer and die, or be left without homes, without basic necessities, without work? Would the United States and the international community commit to the arduous long-term task of ensuring a just peace or would a post-Saddam Iraq continue to be plagued by civil conflict and repression, and continue to serve as a destabilizing force in the region? Would the use of military force lead to wider conflict and instability?

Such worries might be appropriate if we were about to invade and kick out the rulers of Egypt or Saudi Arabia. In those cases it is possible that any future tyrants—if they are in the Osama bin Laden mold—would be more threatening to America than the existing ones. But it seems farcical to raise these questions about Iraq, a state ruled by a megalomaniac who stockpiles weapons of mass destruction, invades his neighbors, and uses poison gas on his own people. It's hard to imagine how the alternative could possibly be worse.

War against Iraq would provoke more terrorist threats and attacks? Al Qaeda and other terrorist groups are already trying as hard as possible to kill as many Americans as they can. Saddam is paying a $25,000 bounty to families of Palestinian suicide bombers. Some suggest that strong American action against Saddam will bring to power terrorist-sponsoring Islamists in Pakistan, Jordan, the Gulf states, Egypt, Saudi . . . oops, the Islamists are already in power there. In any case this fear was also raised before the 1991 Gulf War and the 2001 campaign in Afghanistan, and in neither case has it come true. Islamists are emboldened by U.S. weakness (e.g., the pullout from Beirut in 1984 and from Somalia in 1993), not by U.S. strength.

More innocent people dying? Saddam has already killed

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countless hundreds of thousands. Human Rights Watch says that he is guilty of genocide. His record is the worst in the region, which is saying something.

More people denied basic necessities or left without homes? Iraqis are already suffering because of sanctions designed to contain their dictator. Baathist rule has led an estimated 3 million Iraqis—out of a current population of 23 million—to flee their country. Roughly a million people are internally displaced refugees. The example of Afghanistan suggests that many would be likely to return to their homes if a more civil ruler took power in Baghdad.

More civil conflict and repression? Saddam has spent decades using extreme repression to put down Shiite and Kurdish rebellions. More likely, Iraq's various ethnic groups would be reconciled to a less heavy-handed central government that ruled on a federalist model. And if they still wanted to break apart, the presence of international peacekeepers could ensure a peaceful divorce—along the lines of Czechoslovakia, not Yugoslavia. The odds of Iran taking advantage of the situation to annex the Arab Shiites next door are no greater than the prospect of Albania annexing neighboring ethnic Albanians, an unfounded fear often raised before the U.S. intervention in Kosovo in 1999.

Finally, would war lead to wider conflict? Before being penned in by a U.S.-led alliance, Saddam had attacked Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Iran, and Israel—all in the first dozen years of his dictatorship. He has committed more aggression against more neighbors than probably any other reigning ruler in the world. If his track record is anything to go by, leaving him in power—not removing him—would be more likely to lead to wider conflict.

An unwavering attachment to stability does not serve U.S. interests well if it means keeping in place hostile regimes.

There is one fear not raised by Bishop Gregory that is often cited by critics who like to think of themselves as more hardheaded: that instability will lead to the loss of oil supplies. It's possible Saddam might torch some oil wells on his way out, but Iraqi production would quickly rise with the lifting of sanctions. Even if a U.S. invasion were to set off a chain reaction that somehow led to the rise of more Islamist regimes (and it's not at all clear how this would happen), those governments would still need to sell oil to survive. Embargoes have been tried before, but ultimately could not be sustained. It is striking that, even today, America's leading enemies in the region—Iran, Iraq, and Libya—are all eager to sell us oil. The only thing stopping them is *American* sanctions, which these regimes want to get lifted.

So much for the doomsday scenarios. It is easier to imagine positive consequences to removing Saddam Hussein. The most positive of all is that deposing the Butcher of Baghdad might send dominos toppling, leading to more freedom in the most oppressed region in the world. This seems especially likely next door, in Iran, which has lately been rocked by anti-mullah student demonstrations.

This prospect should fill U.S. policymakers with joy. Instead it is greeted with trepidation among many of the same people who also feared the consequences of the Soviet Union breaking up. Recall President Bush's infamous "Chicken Kiev" speech in 1991 urging Ukraine not to secede—just before it did. The elder Bush was also anxious not to give any encouragement to the Chinese student demonstrators in Tiananmen Square who quoted Jefferson and built a replica of the Statue of Liberty. Worst of all, he refused to go to Baghdad in 1991, largely for fear of the instability that would result. Instead the U.S. stood by while Saddam slaughtered Kurds and Shiites who rose up in rebellion. It would be interesting to know what the Iraqi people think of "stability"; probably pretty much what the peoples of Communist Russia and Communist Eastern Europe thought of it, which wasn't much.

There are legitimate reasons to fear instability, especially if it threatens key American allies such as Pakistan. Certainly extreme instability, of the kind that gripped Lebanon during its civil war, is a bad thing—indeed, worse than the grim Syrian repression that now pervades what was once the freest country in the Middle East. But an unwavering attachment to stability does not serve U.S. interests well if it means keeping in place hostile regimes, whether in Moscow, Beijing, Baghdad, Tehran, Damascus, or Tripoli.

This "stability above all" policy is not just perverse. It's downright anti-American. The United States of America, after all, is a country that was founded amidst great turmoil. Luckily, one of the superpowers of the day—France—was willing to help American rebels instead of supporting British repression in the name of stability. It is a favor that we should be more anxious to perform for other peoples yearning to be free. ♦

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The Vatican Has Her Back to the Wall

So said a leading French cardinal in a public attack on a high-ranking cardinal in the Roman Curia. Because of that, said the French cardinal, certain decisions "cannot suffer further delay" and must be made "promptly." What decisions? The French cardinal cited certain "disciplinary and doctrinal knots" — e.g., sexuality, marriage, and the role of women in the Church.

Now, it's our understanding that decisions about those matters were *authoritatively made long ago by the* Church, and that there are no "knots" here — certainly no *doctrinal* knots — that need untying.

The French cardinal continued: "The times we live in are marked by a profound evolution of the moral...conscience. Couldn't this evolution bring us [in the Church] something new...something that would present itself in a 'rationality' other than that of antiquity and of the Middle Ages?... Should we not further expose some of our concepts and practices to the challenge of the rationality and the sensitivities of today...?"

For those of us familiar with the code language of cardinals, it's clear that the French cardinal was saying that the Church is stuck in antiquity and the Middle Ages, and needs to appease the Spirit of the Times by overhauling her teachings.

The mindset of that French cardinal is typical of the large "progressive" (or accommodationist) bloc in the Church. And he made bold to say, "Those in charge [in the Vatican] have their backs to the wall."

And maybe he's right. *But so what?* St. Athanasius had his back to the wall. So did St. Thomas More. And so did Winston Churchill at the beginning of World War II. None of them capitulated.

Yes, Rome *does* have her back to the wall, but in no small measure because many prelates have refused to defend papal teaching, have chosen to play the role of Neville Chamberlain or Marshal Pétain in today's Church.

Today we need prelates, priests, and laymen with Churchillian spirit. A mere 18 days before the fall of France, Churchill said that even if all the Continent should fall to the Axis powers, "We shall not flag or fail.... We shall fight in the seas and *oceans...we shall fight on the* beaches, we shall fight on the landing-grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender...."

The struggle ahead will be difficult. We know that many loyal Catholics feel beset on all sides — outmanned, outgunned, isolated. That too was Britain's plight. She stood alone. But she did not flinch — and she prevailed.

St. Paul urges us to "fight the good fight" (1Tim. 6:12). And so, to paraphrase Churchill on the day after the fall of France, let us orthodox Catholics brace ourselves against those who collaborate with the *Zeitgeist* and let us so steel ourselves for victory that even a thousand years from now men will say, *This was their finest hour.*

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Forensic Failure

Patricia Cornwell doesn't catch Jack the Ripper. BY JON L. BREEN

Trying to smoke out Jack the Ripper, who slaughtered at least five prostitutes in the Whitechapel district of London in 1888, has degenerated into a hobbyist pursuit, like bird-watching or crossword puzzles or rotisserie football, and the bestselling crime novelist Patricia Cornwell doesn't like it. In an interview promoting her book *Portrait of a Killer: Jack the Ripper Case Closed*, Cornwell says, "These were not cute little mysteries to be transformed into parlor games, or movies, or the subject of conventions of mystery buffs, but rather a series of horrible crimes that no one should get away with, even after death." She also deplores the posthumous character assassination of wrongly accused Ripper suspects: "I don't think you should ever theorize about someone being a criminal just because they're dead and you can get away with it. That's a terrible thing."

A frequent contributor of essays on mystery fiction to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, *Jon L. Breen is the winner of two Edgar awards.*

Cornwell's objections are well taken. Too often in treatments of the Ripper case, the author picks a suspect (often outrageously unlikely and preferably famous—Lewis Carroll is an extreme example) and looks for evidence in support of the theory, ignoring evidence against. Writers who admit they are writing fiction can take even wilder flights of fancy, accusing everyone from Sherlock Holmes to Rasputin.

But now Cornwell is positive that she has cracked the case once and for all, and we can put to rest all this silliness. Unfortunately, her arrogant expressions of certainty despite the absence of compelling evidence put her in the same category as those reputation-destroying players of games she holds in such contempt. Fans of her fifteen mystery novels from *Postmortem* (1990) to *Isle of Dogs* (2001) will loyally buy her Jack the Ripper book, and some of them will no doubt be convinced. Anyone with concern for the rules of evidence will not be fooled.

Judging by the size of her name on the dustjacket, Cornwell may be the first commentator on the case to be bigger than Jack the Ripper. The Whitechapel killer has been a durable commercial commodity, the subject of motion pictures, television documentaries, and a stream of articles and book-length studies. Why does he (probably not she, although a "Jill the Ripper" theory has been floated) retain such a fascination well over a century after his crimes?

First, there's that chillingly colorful name, whether invented by the killer himself or an impostor. That Jack was never identified or caught is an indispensable factor. The visuals are surefire: the image of a menacing figure creeping through the pea soup London fog, blade in hand. Then there's the more respectable sociological angle: the spotlight the killings put on the underside of Victorian society. The cult of Jack was jump-started by the relative uniqueness of the crimes in their time and place. Serial murder, though not unknown, did not seem as widespread as it does today. Investigative methods

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in nineteenth-century Britain were unlikely to connect a series of crimes unless (like the Ripper murders) they were confined to a relatively small area and had startling similarities.

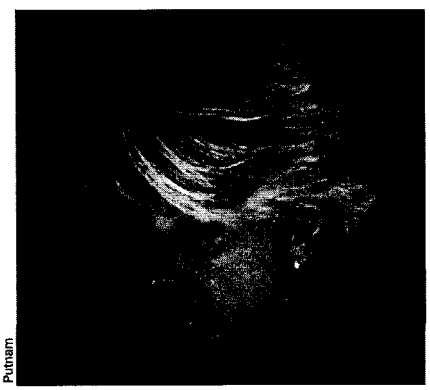
Some of the Ripper suspects are known for nothing else, notably the suicidal barrister Montague John Druitt, accused by Tom Cullen in *Autumn of Terror* (1965), and the Russian agent Pedachenko, the choice of Donald McCormick in *The Identity of Jack the Ripper* (1970). Of candidates known for other endeavors, the most popular, because of high station, was Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence.

The rickety case against Queen Victoria's gormless grandson was first advanced in veiled and cautious fashion in a 1970 magazine article by the elderly Dr. Thomas Stowell, who died shortly after publication and whose notes were burned by his survivors. Frank Spiering's *Prince Jack* (1978) unconvincingly embroiders on Stowell's case.

In *Clarence: Was He Jack the Ripper?* (1972), Michael Harrison answers in the negative and offers an entertaining but unpersuasive alternative: James Kenneth Stephen, the prince's tutor, a cousin of Virginia Woolf, and a writer of misogynistic verse. David Abrahamsen's *Murder and Madness* (1992) posits a Leopold-and-Loebish collaboration of Clarence and Stephen. The ostensible author of *The Diary of Jack the Ripper*, a probable forgery, was James Maybrick, alleged victim of arsenic poisoning at the hands of his wife Florence in another notorious British murder case.

The most persistent theory was propounded by Stephen Knight in *Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution* (1976) and recycled fictionally in the Sherlock Holmes film *Murder by Decree* (1979) and Anne Perry's novel *The Whitechapel Conspiracy* (2001): an elaborate plot of Dr. William Gull, the royal physician, other Freemasons in the highest ranks of the British government, and even Queen Victoria herself to cover up the prince's secret marriage to a Roman Catholic. Among Knight's accused conspirators is the British impressionist artist Walter Richard Sickert (1860-1942), a onetime assistant to James McNeill Whistler. Knight's argument is effectively presented and convincing on its face, but according to Ripper specialist Donald Rumbelow in *Jack the Ripper: The Complete Casebook* (1988), an independent look at Knight's evidence reveals enough selectivity and distortion to discredit his theory.

Patricia Cornwell was introduced to the Jack the Ripper case while doing research in Great Britain for a new novel about her forensic pathologist detective Kay Scarpetta. Cornwell



Putnam

Portrait of a Killer
Jack the Ripper Case Closed
by Patricia Cornwell
Putnam, 387 pp., $27.95

writes that as of May 2001, she "had never read a Ripper book in [her] life, . . . knew nothing about his homicides, . . . did not know his victims were prostitutes or how they died." By December 6, however, she was telling *Primetime Thursday*'s Diane Sawyer that she would stake her reputation on the claim that Walter Sickert was the Whitechapel killer.

Cornwell reportedly spent millions of her own dollars pursuing the investigation, buying and sometimes destroying the suspect's paintings (to the horror of the British art world), and sponsoring DNA analysis of old documents. Many Ripperologists have devoted decades of study to the mystery without claiming to have solved it, but a scant eighteen months after her introduction to the case, Cornwell's brief against Sickert has been published.

At no point does Cornwell offer any real evidence linking Sickert to the Ripper murders. Instead, she devotes her energies to connecting Sickert to the supposed Ripper letters, of which hundreds were received by police and press. Some of the Ripper letters were found to have used artists' materials of the kind Sickert would have employed and to have watermarks similar to stationery used by Sickert. Likewise, some of the doodles with which Sickert decorated his own letters were similar to doodles on the alleged Ripper letters, as were some of the expressions used. (Cornwell believes the "Ha! Ha!" that recurs in Ripper letters is an Americanism Sickert picked up from his mentor Whistler.)

For all its trumpeting in publicity, the DNA evidence is admittedly inconclusive. "The best result," writes Cornwell, "came from a Ripper letter that yielded a single-donor mitochondrial DNA sequence, specific enough to eliminate 99 percent of the population as the person who licked and touched the adhesive backing of that stamp. This same DNA sequence profile turned up as a component of another Ripper letter, and two Walter Sickert letters." This sounds impressive, but diminishes on closer examination. For one thing, it does not take into account contamination by all the persons who might have handled the various letters in the century since they were written, or the possibility that Sickert did not lick his own stamps. Research continues, but book deadlines do not wait on science.

Even one who finds these tenuous associations connecting Sickert to the Ripper letters convincing must follow Cornwell in a second leap to the conclusion that the Ripper actually wrote the letters. Most writers on the case, in common with the police of the time, believe the Ripper letters were all, or nearly all, hoaxes. Sickert was a prolific author of articles on art and a compulsive writer of letters to the editor. It is possible (though hardly proven) he could have written some hoax Ripper

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letters, but that is a long way from the conclusion he committed the murders.

Cornwell reports that she initially agreed with the conventional wisdom that the Ripper letters were fakes. She writes, "However, during my intensive research of Sickert and the way he expressed himself—and the way the Ripper expressed himself in so many of his alleged letters—my opinion changed. I now believe that the majority of the letters were written by the murderer." The implication that she has somewhere presented other evidence Sickert was the Ripper is not borne out anywhere in the book.

Cornwell believes Sickert, who underwent a series of operations for a fistula in childhood, was genitally disfigured and that an inability to have sexual relations fueled a hatred of women. Her backing for this speculation is shaky, and according to some accounts, Sickert, though his three marriages were childless, had numerous illegitimate offspring. In making her point, Cornwell commits textbook examples of the logical fallacy of begging the question, proving her conclusion from premises that assume her conclusion—as when she writes: "The lack of seminal fluid in the Ripper lust-murders is consistent with the supposition that Sickert was incapable of sex." The murderer's missing ejaculations prove that Sickert was impotent, and Sickert's impotence proves that he was the murderer.

Cornwell includes much interesting if tangential information on the history of criminal justice, contrasting the methods of British police in the 1880s with forensic detection as now practiced in the United States. The underlying theme is that Sickert would have been caught if modern scientific methods had been available. More begging the question. The Ripper might have been caught, true, but where is the proof that Sickert was the Ripper?

Cornwell notes that some of Sickert's paintings "bear a chilling resemblance to mortuary and scene photographs of Jack the Ripper's victims." The illustrations Cornwell prints in *Portrait of a Killer* do not bear this out as dramatically as she suggests, but even if the point is conceded, it proves nothing. Certainly Sickert had a fascination with the Ripper crimes and the sordid world in which they took place, but it is not necessary to believe he painted from a firsthand memory of the scene. He often painted from photographs, and photographs of the victims could have been available to him. Cornwell is never able to demonstrate the clincher of guilt in detective fiction: that Sickert had knowledge of the crimes that only the Ripper could have. In her effort to put Sickert in as damning a light as possible, Cornwell asserts that as a teenager he "stalked" Ellen Terry and Henry Irving. The lack of notes prevents the reader from tracing where she got this idea, and despite loaded language that cries for more detail, she never expands on the accusation.

A writer who is so dogmatic in making her accusation, after deploring earlier writers who made their cases no more incompetently, should not be let off the hook easily. At best, Sickert is an intriguing possible (albeit unlikely) suspect. In one interview Cornwell expresses the horror she would feel if anyone proved her wrong. She's probably safe. It's unlikely anyone at this late date can prove that Walter Sickert was not Jack the Ripper, or that anyone else was. But the burden of proof rests with the prosecution, not the defense. At least Stephen Knight presented a prima facie case that required a rebuttal from other writers to show its inadequacy. If Cornwell's case went to court, the judge would dismiss it as without merit at the end of the prosecutor's evidence, sparing the defense the need to call any witnesses.

Cornwell's argument can be boiled down to a sentence: Walter Sickert was Jack the Ripper because I say so. ♦

Disappointing Alice

Alice McDermott's new novel fails so miserably it makes her old work seem bad. **BY JOHN PODHORETZ**

It's the nightmare dilemma for every critic: There's an artist whose work the critic has recommended to friends with urgent passion. He feels pride as the artist's fame grows, because he can congratulate himself on having been a prescient talent-spotter, a fan from the beginning. But he's never had a chance to write about the artist. Finally, an opportunity comes along—the writer has a new book out, or the director has a new movie out, or the choreographer has completed a new ballet—and the critic convinces an editor to use this latest work as an occasion for a comprehensive tribute to an exciting career.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux

Child of My Heart
by Alice McDermott
Farrar, Straus & Giroux,
208 pp., $23

Most criticism is really nothing more than a consumer service, a means of conveying information so consumers can know whether to spend their time and money on a new work. There are only two circumstances under which a critic can break free from the restrictive form of a review. The first is to undertake the demolition of an unwarranted reputation. And the second is to make a convincing argument for an artist's importance. The critic may be cruel in deflation, but he is kind in celebration. He adduces all sorts of evidence for the power, humanity, skill, and life-affirming grandeur of the artist's work.

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By demonstrating how large-hearted the artist is, the critic seems equally large-hearted: Art is not dead; it is here, among us. We live not in a cultural wasteland, but in a time of possibility.

This hopeful vision is what the critic wishes to express when he takes on the task of writing about his beloved artist's new work. But then the critic attends the preview performance, or goes to a screening, or reads the new book. For a while, the critic attentively takes note of his subject's usual touches. But an uneasy feeling begins to set in. The new work doesn't seem to want to blossom. It's not exactly lifeless, but it's not flourishing.

A sense of desperation comes over the critic. Perhaps he's just in a bad mood or distracted. Perhaps he's guilty of a failure of imagination. Surely the new work deserves exactly the same sort of sympathetic treatment the critic intended to give it in the first place. After all, why should the critic's article have to suffer because of his own failed imagination?

And so he swallows his distaste for the new work and writes the article he intended to write. If you read closely, you will find clues that the new work did not satisfy (a well-placed "while," an unflattering comparison to a previous work), but still the piece is a celebration—for at least, the critic can rationalize, people have been introduced to an artist whose work they really should know.

Such rationalization is a powerful and terrible temptation, and I have just done battle with it as I read Alice McDermott's new novel, *Child of My Heart*. McDermott has been a novelist of my heart since 1987, when I read her second novel, *That Night*, just after it was published in hardcover. It seemed an almost perfect book—the tale of a single incident in a Long Island subdivision in the summer of 1961 when neighborhood toughs and suburban fathers get into a fight. A teenage girl has been impregnated by one of the boys and sent away, and the boy shows up to find out where she is from her widowed mother. The fight that erupts transforms the neighborhood. It gives the men a new sense of themselves even as it reminds the women of the raw teenage passion they will never feel again and the children of the passion they will soon experience and then lose forever.

The two novels that followed over the next decade, *At Weddings and Wakes* and *Charming Billy*, seemed equally stunning to me. *At Weddings and Wakes* concerns the tangled relations among four sisters and the stepmother who reared them—and it tells the story through the eyes of three prepubescent children who are dragged along to family events whose meaning they are too young to fathom. Everything we find out about the Towne sisters and the woman they call "Momma" we discover through snippets of conversation overheard from the other room, or from the backseat. *At Weddings and Wakes* is a virtuoso act of indirect storytelling.

Charming Billy is the novel that made McDermott's name. She won a National Book Award for this layered portrait of friendship and heartbreak. The "charming Billy" of the title is an alcoholic who is a pleasure and a burden to everyone who knows him:

> If you loved him, we all knew, you pleaded with him at some point. Or you drove him to AA, waited outside the church till the meeting was over, and drove him home again. Or you advanced him whatever you could afford so he could travel to Ireland to take the pledge. If you loved him, you took his car keys away, took his incoherent phone calls after midnight. You banished him from your house until he could show up sober. You saw the bloodied scraps of flesh he coughed up into his drinks. If you loved him, then you told him at some point that he was killing himself and felt the way his indifference ripped through your affection.

Charming Billy is at once the most realistic of McDermott's novels—her portrait of an incorrigible drunk is entirely unsentimental—and the most like a fairy tale. The title character mourns a dead love, only to learn that she never actually died and that it was his closest friend who kept the secret from him. Billy's inability to recover from his youthful passion destroys his life and adds to the torment of his long-suffering wife. The secret gnaws away at his friend's life and helps to

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poison it as well. The book ends with an almost mystical act of reconciliation, after Billy's death, when the friend and Billy's wife marry and finally make something good out of all this sadness.

McDermott writes about Irish families in and around New York City, primarily in the late 1950s and early 1960s. We watch what happens through the eyes of the children in these families, who are witness to powerful and tragic events far beyond their immature understanding—while McDermott's adults are filled with regret and a sense of all they have lost in their lives, and the stories she tells are filled with tragic incident.

But there is nothing bleak about her novels, which manage to be strangely uplifting. That is largely due to McDermott's powers of observation, which can turn the most prosaic moment into something sensual and mysterious. She makes you feel the hot air of the summer wafting across a suburban lawn, can make you see the light fading slowly just after the sun has gone down, can make you hear the gurgle of Hawaiian Punch as it is poured into a glass in a Hamptons kitchen.

Child of My Heart has a great deal in common with its predecessors. A fifteen-year-old girl named Theresa, an only child, lives in East Hampton with her lower-middle-class parents in the early 1960s. Her eight-year-old cousin Daisy comes to spend the summer, leaving behind a tiny house in Queens where she lives with her parents and seven brothers and sisters.

Daisy is dying, though no one knows this yet. Animals and children worship Theresa, who works as a babysitter for the two-year-old daughter of a septuagenarian painter and his young wife. The painter is attracted to Theresa, who is a great beauty.

She finds herself attracted to him—perhaps because Theresa is a writer in the making and is drawn to someone who can create art out of nothing. She is deflowered by the seventy-year-old painter in one offhand paragraph. A dog bites Daisy. Some rabbits are born. The kids and the painter string lollipops through the branches of an oak to make a lollipop tree. The summer ends, and so does the book.

Child of My Heart is a cloying mess. Daisy is as unconvincing a sacrificial lamb as any of Dickens's poor, doomed children: sweet, uncomplicated, and uninteresting. The tragedy that is to befall her only months later seems almost an afterthought, as though McDermott needed a parallel in this book to the deaths of Billy in *Charming Billy* and Aunt May in *At Weddings and Wakes*. McDermott tries but fails to infuse the day-to-dayness of ordinary life with mythical beauty. Indeed, the failure is so profound that it led me back to the previous novels I had taken such pleasure in. If *Child of My Heart* is so similar to them, what does its melodramatic falsity and icky sentimentality say about them?

After rereading *That Night*, *At Weddings and Wakes*, and *Charming Billy*, I became even more disheartened. *Child of My Heart* does not, now, seem to me to be an aberration, an unfortunate detour in the course of a brilliant career.

I have begun to see McDermott's other novels as riven with unbelievable jumps in plot and unnecessary sacrifices of characters' lives. Tears sprang to my eyes the first time I read *Charming Billy* and discovered that it would end with the happy marriage of betrayer-friend and betrayed wife. On second reading, that ending seems a cheap ploy—a manipulation—in light of everything else that has gone before it. So, too, the death of a central character in *At Weddings and Wakes*, and the attempted suicide of the pregnant girl in *That Night*.

This disillusioning encounter with the work of Alice McDermott explains why it can be so difficult for a critic who finds himself disliking a new work by an artist he admires to be honest about it. Critics write about art because they love art. Can there be anything more painful and depressing than falling out of love? ♦

Liberalism at Its Best

An anthology from the works of Raymond Aron.

BY DAMJAN DE KRNJEVIC-MISKOVIC

Raymond Aron was at once journalist, sociologist, man of letters, and political thinker. Born in 1905, he never entered French politics directly, but before his death in 1983 he had written more than forty books, hundreds of articles, and thousands of newspaper columns. His academic career took him from the Institut D'Etudes politiques de Paris to the Collège de France via the Sorbonne and the Ecole pratique des hautes études.

The Dawn of Universal History
Selected Essays from a Witness of the Twentieth Century
by Raymond Aron
Basic, 495 pp., $35

Damjan de Krnjevic-Miskovic is assistant managing editor of the National Interest.

During the Second World War, Aron was editor of the London-based French resistance newspaper, *La France libre*. Among his books translated into English are *The Century of Total War*, *Democracy and Totalitarianism*, *In Defense of Political Reason*, *Introduction to the Philosophy of History*, *Opium of the Intellectuals*, and *War and Industrial Society*.

Aron was a man of immense learning and practical judgment, profound intellectual honesty and influence. In 1930, when he was twenty-five, Aron resolved to "comprehend or understand my epoch as honestly as possible; to detach myself from

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the actual without however relegating to myself the role of observer." Throughout his life, Aron referred to himself above all as a *spectateur engagé*: a committed observer, and two years before his death he called his work "an attempt to understand all the sectors of modern society: economics, social relationships, class relationships, political systems, relations among nations, and ideological arguments."

An excellent new anthology of Raymond Aron has recently appeared. *The Dawn of Universal History* presents Aron's thoughts on the rise of nationalism in Europe through the two world wars, the decline of the European nation-states and the rise of the European project, the related disintegration of the continent's colonial empires, the rise of the postwar bipolar system, and the appeal of nihilistic totalitarianism to the rudderless citizens of the Western democracies. In the context of the Arab revolt against French rule in Algeria in the late 1950s, for instance, Aron wrote, "It is a denial of the experience of our century to suppose that men will sacrifice their passions to their interests."

The halls of power and academe are ripe with idealism but are traversed by too few spokesmen for its rarest form, the "idealism of common sense," as Roger Kimball has called it. Ideology trumps reflected experience, to the detriment of the nation. On occasion, the Republic's ablest men fail to resist the temptation to push aside the moderating insubordination of the ways of the world, ignoring the words of past men of prudence who would caution them that the future is uncertain, that their friends are imperfect, and that their cause is never truly just. The keys to proper democratic citizenship are numerous and delicate, and few better guides to their use exist than the Frenchman Raymond Aron.

Aron's continuing relevance is rooted not so much in *what* he had to say about the events of the twentieth century (although he always wrote lucidly of those events, their causes and their potential consequences), but in *how* he went about his reasoning. The constant theme in his writing is the struggle between the philosopher and the citizen, between wisdom and moderation. For Aron, the only way to maintain and strengthen the bond between citizens and statesmen is to understand that the populace, when given the means with which to make an informed choice, can usually recognize and appreciate the prudence of responsible political men. Only then can there be decent and responsible politics. In this lies the lesson of the twentieth century's tumults.

Aron's writings are firmly rooted in the history of political philosophy, especially in Aristotle, Montesquieu, and Tocqueville. In the service of modern political theory, Aron aimed to restore prudence and thus responsibility to the center of politics—thereby rejecting what he called the "secular religions" of the age of ideology, whose misguided adherents held that scientific or material progress was necessarily accompanied with revolutionary politics and moral progress. Aron understood that for reason to remain reasonable it must limit itself and its influence on political life.

He never ceased to ask that crucial question, "What would I do in the statesman's place?" He never allowed his readers to forget that we live always and thus must act in the present, not in the future perfect. Aron remains a thinker for our time.

Tony Judt, in his somewhat listless introduction to *The Dawn of Universal History*, notes that Aron "transcended his era and is of interest to today's reader . . . because of his distinctively tragic vision." Judt correctly points out that Aron wrote in 1947 that peace might be impossible, but war was improbable, and that Aron tragically "held out no great hope for the radical

All pictures: Corbis.

Paris in the 1950s.

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transformation of the human condition." But realism is not necessarily tragic simply because it holds that human life cannot be radically transformed through human manipulation. Aron left ample room for political responsibility, philosophic inquiry, and free will.

While being a critic of what he termed the "idolatry of history," Aron nevertheless took a long and serious look at the effects of history on human nature. He followed Tocqueville and Montesquieu in understanding that the unstoppable "process of modernity" was moving man toward greater equality and liberty, that commerce was supplementing glory and honor, and that the individual was becoming ever more supreme over the community. This did not mean that, in his words, "the traditional aspects of history—the rise and fall of empires, rivalry between regimes, and the beneficial exploits of great men" were not "durable," but only that it was impossible fully to understand human nature and thus politics unless one understood that human nature can manifest itself differently over time.

Compared with such thinkers as Jean-Paul Sartre, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, and Alexandre Kojève, Aron saw further and deeper into the nature of the totalitarian horrors of the twentieth century—because he struggled to understand the totalitarian experiment as the totalitarians themselves understood it. Though he noted the imperfections of the American regime, Aron greatly admired America's political vigor and its repeated willingness to fight to preserve Western civilization. (He was a committed Atlanticist who was more concerned with America's decline than its inclinations to empire.) As he says in one essay, "American diplomacy succeeded in Europe not only because it contained communism but also because it fostered economic progress and human liberty."

Of course, Aron was primarily a patriot of France, but he was not blind to French defects. He said the events of 1968 were little more than France's "psychodrama." He was never an unconditional supporter of Gaullist *grandeur*, and he was certainly not a proponent of Mitterrand's disastrous experiments with socialism. Aron was not a man of the left or the right, but of the prudently grounded middle. (The American edition of *The Dawn of Universal History* omits a set of essays included in the French edition entitled "French Problems.")

Moderate nationalism or patriotism, not rooted in the soil but rather in what has become of the soil, is the general theme of the collection's final essay. Aron used to quote an aphorism by Montesquieu: "To be truthful above all, even about one's country. Every citizen is obliged to die for his country, no one is obliged to lie for it." Therein, Aron lays forth the thesis that the consequence of a nation's entrance into the community of civilization is membership in what can be termed only now, for the first time in human history, "human society." As such, Aron writes, we are at the dawn of the "universal era." This does not mean the triumph of homogeneity, but rather the culmination in the achievement of Europe's philosophic rationalism. As Aron says in an earlier essay in the collection, our world is characterized by a heterogeneity of "states that are now for the first time living together."

Europe's greatness, Aron concludes, can no longer be expressed through power but through "assisting other peoples to cure themselves of the childhood illnesses of modernity." But he knew that it would not be easy and that prudent political action might require a return to force. As America prepares once more to draw its sword in the Middle East, let words Aron spoke in 1960 serve as the measure of prudent political action: "Never have men had so many reasons to cease killing one another. Never have they had so many reasons to feel they are joined together in one great enterprise. I do not conclude that the age of universal history will be peaceful. We know that man is a reasonable being. But men?" ♦

Fashionable Art

The tide has flowed from the Village to SoHo to Chelsea. **BY THOMAS M. DISCH**

The transforming flow of money through New York has accelerated over time. Thirty years ago the SoHo area, which had been the cast-iron district and a no-man's-land of warehouses and small manufacturing, was transformed almost overnight into a casbah of lofts and galleries that formed an immense showcase for graduates of the ever-mushrooming arts-education establishment.

That growth did not abate even after SoHo had become a neighborhood priced beyond the means of all but the most established artists and galleries. At that point the art scene crept into adjacent neighborhoods, then leapfrogged to its new epicenter in Chelsea, along the Hudson River between West 27th and West 14th streets. There is now enough gallery-certified contemporary art being produced to fill the 188 venues featured on the "Chelsea Art" map. That map is polka-dotted with galleries as densely as any Seurat painting, and most of the galleries' shows last no more than three weeks. How is it that every wall in the country has not already been covered with contemporary art?

Those who want to form a sense of the New York art scene need only visit the Chelsea showrooms of the Phillips

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Courtesy Peter Dickison

Peter Dickison, Tuscan Village.

Auction Gallery for one of its displays of "Contemporary Art," when for one Brigadoon-like week each season it becomes the ultimate Chelsea gallery, with a sampling of almost every name-brand artist alive or lately dead. In their most recent selection, the Phillips showed prime works by de Kooning and Koons, Twombly, Warhol, and Basquiat, for which the auction house was expecting bids in excess of a million each. Art lovers on a tighter budget could hope to pick up Tom Friedman's cute three-inch-long caterpillar fashioned from his hair (only $12,000 to $14,000) or a color-coupler print of Vik Muniz's *Untitled*, which shows a copy of Rodin's *The Kiss*, quite ably executed in smears of chocolate syrup (estimated at $26,000 to $30,000).

To see all these artworks with their pricetags still attached lends a frisson of forbidden pleasure not unlike that of topless dancing. As to what the show suggests of the zeitgeist, the new millennium has begun on a note of Mardi Gras levity, as the presence of such put-on artists as Koons, Warhol, and Muniz might suggest. Indeed, to see many of these works *without* their pricetags is to see them, in a sense, unfinished, for it is the patron-purchaser whose stamp of "paid" is the true varnish on each work, the punch line of each deft joke. Without the authenticating touch of big money, what would Duchamp's renowned dada monument be but a workaday urinal?

After the Phillips showroom one can set out upon a tour of Chelsea prepped for the experience, with shrines at which to worship and middens to deplore and beyond these a midway too vast for any one fair-goer to compass; a mirror, in fact, of the world. My own day at Vanity Fair began at the Pace Wildenstein, where Robert Ryman was offering a characteristic array of all-but-all-white paintings in various sizes and at prices ranging from $100,000 to $900,000. The show had sold out by its closing day—a testimony, like Moby-Dick, to the power of Whiteness.

If you like Ryman's favorite color, don't miss the show at the Fischbach, located on 11th Avenue between 24th and 25th, featuring an entire immaculately depopulated seacoast of upscale mansions rendered on canvas with photo-realist detail by Alice Dalton Brown. Brown's views of idyllic real estate (her porches and gleaming white domestic interiors have been rid not only of people but of all furniture except for the breeze-wafted sheers over the windows) show the afterlife that Martha Stewart might expect as her reward, with every houseplant waxed and polished and a calm ocean luminous all the way to infinity. Imagine an Alma Tadema with all nudes driven into exile and every surface spotless. In some ways Brown's vision of whiteness is as droll as Jeff Koons's deliriously self-aggrandizing marble self-portrait on view at Phillips, but with Brown any humor would seem inadvertent. Her paintings sell at prices from $4,000 to $100,000 and are so popular that there is a large coffee-table book devoted to them.

But is it art? you might ask. That is no longer a fair question. Not after the precedents set by Duchamp, Warhol, and Koons in our postmodern era. Any painting that can be expected to earn more than $10,000 at auction is art, by definition. Those prone to denigrate such work as trivial must take their multicultural cue from the other arts of our time, in which there is no such thing as low taste, ineptitude, or kitsch, but only new aspects of an estimable cultural diversity.

Heading to another stretch of West 25th Street one can celebrate that part of Chelsea's diversity that I think is the genuine article, a painter Cezanne himself would have paused to admire: Peter Dickison is showing his landscape drawings and oils at the Prince Street Gallery. There is a certain

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kind of painter whose every work can stop you in your tracks from across the room. Dickison—who has been a protégé of Nell Blaine, and who still is visibly in fealty to Cézanne, painting the same hilltown vistas and scraggy pines—has that kind of bell-ringing presence. His paintings are landscapes (usually with figures), viewed from a height and executed with the exhilaration imparted by mountain air.

Even when finished in the studio (as some are), Dickison's paintings retain a sense of hovering with helicopterish tension over pastoral vastnesses. Charles Burchfield was another American painter who painted this way, conveying not just the appearance of a particular scene but the vibration in the ground. Or rather, in the air. For it was Burchfield's wont (as it was Cézanne's) to paint the imagined Heraclitian fire all matter is composed of, to which purpose the flickering foliage of trees lends itself admirably, and which an artist's brushwork can best hope to emulate. Indeed, every good landscapist makes his mark, so to speak, by finding a signature solution to the problem of rendering foliage. Alex Katz lately found *his* distinctive shorthand for greenery, and Dickison has his, no less solidly pondered.

The human presences in Dickison's landscapes, both clothed and nude, are emblematic of the way we are to inhabit nature, of how the "ego" is to be fit into "Et in Arcadia ego." Dickison's most telling figure in this regard is the young man halfway up a tree in one of his smaller oils, *The Baron in the Tree* (named after the tale by Italo Calvino). At first glance you might not even notice him; at second glance, he offers a faunish wink, a Peter Panish way of telling us that he can fly, that painting is a way of doing that, that it lifts one to his mid-tree height from which all the valley below is spread out like a map. To survey Dickison's show is to be reminded that for many painters landscape has always been the surest (if steepest) road to transcendence, the jointure of blue heaven and umber earth.

The same lesson, but from another palette, could be learned at a venue still in the old SoHo, Arcadia Gallery, where the urban landscapes of Francis Livingston were recently on view. Livingston's mentors are Edward Hopper (for his Sunday-hushed urban street scenes) and Richard Diebenkorn (for his bright but subdued California color schemes), but he too believes that painters can fly, and his way of suggesting it is in paintings of seaside amusement park rides like Tilt-a-Whirl and ferris wheels in parks like Playland. I came upon the Livingston show by chance, passing by the gallery and seeing his four-foot-square *Golden Façade* in the front window. That *Boing!* which signals a painterly presence went off and reeled me into the gallery, where I got to see the as-yet-unhung show in their basement. Already a good many had been sold, and by the time the show was over it had sold out. Small wonder—the paintings were going for $3,000 to $9,000, the price of five square inches of a Robert-Ryman-white-washed fence.

Fishbach Gallery

Alice Dalton Brown, Beach Contrast.

That is another, nontranscendental aspect of the New York gallery scene. It is, like the stock market, a sports event at which one can either be a spectator or a speculator. In this case my money would be put into real estate ventures like Dickison, Livingston, or even Alice Dalton Brown. Ryman is an esthetic Enron, all hype and no substance, but other tipsters think quite the opposite and consider him a blue-chip investment. It would be nice if there were an art-world equivalent to the race track's OTB betting shops, where one might place dollar bets on one's favorite painters. Perhaps a new auction house might institute betting windows by way of democratizing the excitement. ♦

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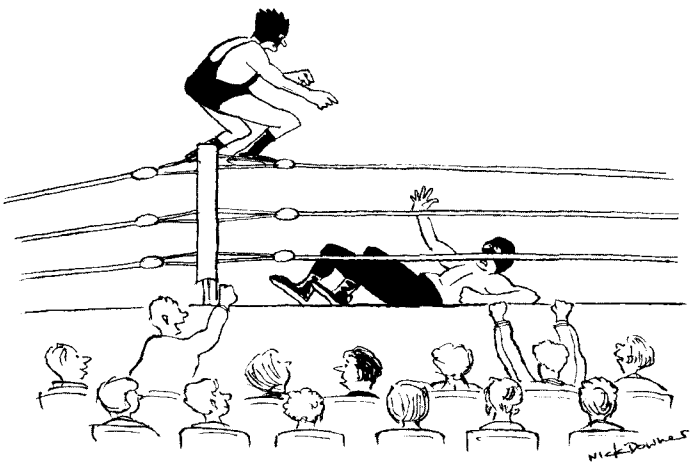

"These poetry slams are getting out of hand."

Books in Brief

***Sex, Drugs & Economics: An Unconventional Introduction to Economics* by Diane Coyle (Texere, 263 pp., $24.95).** In her vastly amusing economics primer Diane Coyle explores topics from prostitutes' wages to Japanese teenagers' fashion choices. Coyle, a former economics editor of the *Independent*, addresses everything from price elasticity to liquidity traps without getting bogged down in mathematics. (Along the way, she sneaks in asides about her love of cheap wine and a hilarious dig at art-house films.) The book begins with a series of essays on economics related to "the usual titillating areas of daily life"—sex, drugs, sports, music, and food—and then runs from technology to international trade.

Coyle's efforts show enough balance that the book's back cover displays praise from both left-wing *New York Times* columnist Paul Krugman and MIT financial engineer Andrew Lo. When it comes to topics like drug use and agriculture subsidies, however, Coyle isn't afraid to stake out controversial positions by taking her thinking to its logical conclusions. (Krugman himself could benefit from rereading the chapter on taxes.) The book ends with a useful list of ten principles for economic thinking. Even for those well versed in the study of supply and demand, Coyle's book will provide a valuable refresher course with more than a few laughs thrown in. Who ever said economics isn't any fun?

—Eli Lehrer

***Love at Goon Park: Harry Harlow and the Science of Affection* by Deborah Blum (Perseus, 336 pp., $26).** Pulitzer Prize-winning writer Deborah Blum examines the work of psychologist Harry Frederick Harlow, whose experiments pursued the notion that a child's love and affection for its mother could be studied, quantified, and understood.

It turned out to be a controversial topic. Through his experiments with monkeys in the early 1970s, Harlow concluded that a baby's love for his mother is astonishingly intense. A mother's affection and attention shape all her offspring's futures, and if that affection is not present, the results are emotionally and physically devastating. "God created women to be mothers and essentially nothing else," he wrote—which made members of the early women's movement choleric: They had just begun to emerge from their traditional roles in the home, and here was some nutty monkey scientist telling them that what they wanted would be disastrous for their children.

In the years since, Harlow has come under attack on another front—from animal-rights advocates, who abhor his research methods. Blum concedes his experiments were pernicious and should never be repeated. Infant monkeys abused by mechanical surrogate mothers, monkeys left alone in a box for so long they became insane, monkeys so marred by abuse and neglect they later mutilated or killed their own offspring. In *Love at Goon Park* Blum argues we do not need to approve of Harlow's methods to appreciate what he taught us about love. For this, she writes, Harlow deserves the gratitude of millions of babies.

—Rachel DiCarlo

***That Old Ace in the Hole* by Annie Proulx (Scribner, 384 pp., $26).** Anyone familiar with Annie Proulx will not be startled by her latest. Critics call her work "terrifying," "spare," "of brutal beauty." In reality, her stories are made of freakish accidents, idle improbabilities, goofy names, flat characters, all buried under tedious accretions of detail.

It's too bad, for Proulx has a decent story in *That Old Ace in the Hole*, told through the eyes of Bob Dollar, a young man who was abandoned by his parents when a boy of eight. Dollar finds work at Global Pork Rind, a corporation that buys up land for profitable hog farms. Scouting for tracts in Texas, Dollar comes into conflict with proud cattle-ranchers, whom he comes to admire.

There are serious themes here, but the narrative drags, and the effect produced is boredom. Great, even good, literature can be many things: sublime, inspiring, challenging. But boring, it cannot be.

—Stephen Barbara

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Hans Blix's team of U.N. weapons inspectors arrived in Baghdad to begin their work.

—News Item

Parody

The Journals of Hans Blix

November 26, 2002

Dear Diary,

The inspections in Iraq are going great!! We landed yesterday at Saddam Hussein International Airport and Reactor Facility and the reception was just glorious. There was a big crowd and a banner that read "Welcome North Korean Nerve Gas," which turned out to be for the next cargo flight, not for us. They have one customs line for Iraqis, one for us foreigners, and one for Russian nuclear scientists. Ours was the shortest! We whizzed right through. Then they stuck us in these awesome limos, to whisk us to our hotel. They even closed the curtains cause they didn't want the sun in our eyes.

There was a slight problem in that the hotel lost our reservations, but I told them that the Motel 6 on the edge of Baghdad is just as convenient anyway. The elevator banks in this place are really hard to find. I searched for hours before I learned that the hotel is all on one level. Then they don't even give you a room key. They give you a plastic card to unlock the door. I tell you, this new technology is just amazing.

I wanted to get right to work, so I sniffed the complimentary hand lotion bottle in the bathroom. Absolutely clean. Then I assembled the team and we raided the breakfast buffet. Absolutely no warning. A blitzkrieg. We inspected the muffin rack and the scrambled egg tray. The Iraqis do not appear to have hidden any weapons of mass destruction in any section of the waffle area.

Next I locked myself out of my room. That meant trying to climb in the window, but it turns out the windows do not have levers on the outside. Tomorrow the whole team and I return to New York to see if I left my card "key" at the U.N. headquarters. Also my glasses are missing. The funny thing about Iraq is it looks just like that country I was in about 12 years ago, when I was also looking for nuclear weapons. I notice these things.

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Leaving Many Children Behind

Chester E. Finn Jr. is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution; a member of Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education; and president of the Thomas B. Fordham Foundation.

Question: When the public school system fox is placed in charge of the school choice henhouse, what happens? Answer: Not much choice.

When Congress passed the No Child Left Behind Act last year, it said that any child trapped in a federally aided public school that has failed for two straight years to make adequate progress toward its state's academic standards has a right to attend another public (or charter) school located within the same district.

This is a bobtail version of President George W. Bush's original proposal, which included private schools and public schools in other districts. But Congress balked at "vouchers." Then the education establishment pressed lawmakers to confine kids' options to schools in their present districts. Hence Los Angeles children have no right to enroll in the fine schools of Beverly Hills.

This halfhearted choice provision was supposed to take immediate effect for pupils in more than 8,000 schools that have already lingered for two years or more on their states' lists of education failures. School districts across America were flabbergasted to learn this past summer that they were expected to provide options for those millions of youngsters in 2002–3.

How did they respond? A handful behaved as they should. But many more balked and resisted, dawdling until it grew too late for kids to switch, ignoring the law entirely, or reinterpreting it in ways that suited them.

In a matter of weeks, Ohio whittled its list of failing Title I schools from 760 to 212—not by improving the others but by fiddling with test scores and standards. Rural South Carolina districts claimed that they have so few schools that there is really nothing to choose among. Kentucky chose to wait until mid-September to finalize its list of eligible schools, aware that once the school year was under way, fewer families would want to move their children.

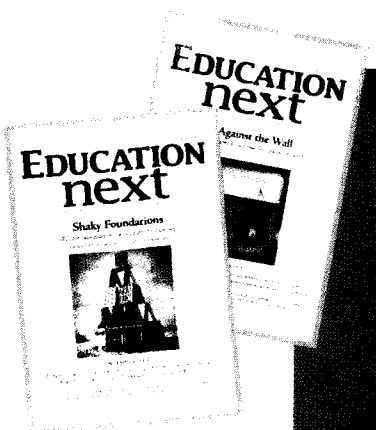
Besides foot-dragging, some communities faced genuine problems of capacity. In Baltimore, where 30,000 children are enrolled in failing schools, the district said it had just two hundred openings in better ones. In Chicago, a staggering 125,000 kids in 179 schools were originally deemed eligible to transfer, but the system somehow cut that list to fifty schools and then opted to "pair" these with other schools rather than giving kids a full range of options.

Despite such shenanigans, some youngsters changed schools. Denver estimated that as many as 5,000 pupils did so. When all is said and done, however, it was a few thousand poor children, not millions, who were able to escape bad schools for better ones. **The big story is the widespread flouting of the new law's intent—and a federal government that can do little to make recalcitrant states and districts mend their ways.**

What we are really seeing, once again, is how the public education establishment despises school choice, how little it will bestir itself to assist poor families trapped in failing schools to gain access to better ones, and how the hardball tactics it deploys keep lawmakers from adding more exit doors.

— *Chester E. Finn Jr.*

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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A world of ideas on public policy

Globalization: A Force for Reducing World Poverty

By Michael Mosbacher

Globalization – the increased integration of the world economy – is often accused of worsening the condition of the poor in developing countries. Multinational corporations frequently appear as villains in this scenario. *The United Nations Human Development Report 2001* tells a rather different story. It shows that although much of the world still lives in horrific poverty, the situation is improving.

Between 1975 and 1998, average real incomes in developing countries almost doubled – from $1,300 to $2,500. Between 1990 and 1998, the number of undernourished people fell by approximately 40 million, and infant mortality declined by more than 10 percent. Despite a rising world population, the number of people living on less than $1 per day fell by 120 million between 1993 and 1998, and by 200 million since 1980. This represents the first absolute decline ever in the number of those living in extreme poverty.

Some might regard these reductions in poverty as trivial in view of the overall scale of the problem, but they are far from trivial to those involved. They can quite literally be a matter of life and death.

These improvements have not, however, occurred uniformly. To give just one indicator, in 1960, average incomes in East Asia were one-tenth of those in the OECD countries. By 1998, they had risen to nearly one-fifth of the OECD level, even though OECD-country incomes had themselves increased massively. In Sub-Saharan Africa, on the other hand, incomes in 1960 were slightly higher than in East Asia – at one-ninth of the OECD level. By 1998 they were just one-eighteenth of OECD average income. World Bank research from 2002 shows that the most significant factor explaining such differentials is the degree to which countries have been integrated into the global economy. East Asian countries, by and large, have successfully integrated into the global economy. Sub-Saharan African countries, by and large, have not.

> ***The only countries in which we have seen large-scale poverty reduction in the 1990s are ones that have become more open to foreign trade and investment***

It is the countries that have integrated into the world economy (the "globalizers") that have grown richer. Anti-globalization protesters respond that GDP is not everything, and that globalization has actually reduced living standards and increased poverty and inequality. But the World Bank study shows that "the only countries in which we have seen large-scale poverty reduction in the 1990s are ones that have become more open to foreign trade and investment." This increased wealth has led to a fall in child labor and an increase in school enrollment. In the globalizing countries, life expectancy, infant mortality, and under-five mortality have all improved rapidly. These figures are fast approaching those prevalent in the West as recently as the 1960s.

The period of rapid globalization since 1980 has been marked by the first reduction in global income inequality in more than 200 years. Research shows that, within countries, there is no systematic relationship between increased integration into the world economy and rising inequality. In some of the globalizers, such as Malaysia and the Philippines, inequality of income has fallen. In others, such as Costa Rica and Vietnam, it has been stable. In yet others, especially China, inequality has risen. The Chinese example, however, shows that rising inequality is not necessarily a bad thing. The Chinese people used to be very equal in their poverty. Now they are somewhat less equal – and somewhat less poor. The decision to open up and globalize China's economy has undoubtedly benefited its people as a whole.

The new opponents of globalization are, at bottom, the old foes of economic freedom, wearing new hats and carrying updated protest signs. They do not offer new insights. Instead they reheat long-discredited arguments, including those which portray multinational corporations in a negative light, ignoring their contributions to economic advancement and human progress in the developing world. Still, they have been remarkably successful at gaining media attention, and at putting the leaders of the wealthier countries and of major business enterprises on the defensive. But when we examine the data above, and ask – what is really making people in the developing world richer, healthier, and more free? – we have to ask: are the wrong people doing the apologizing?

Michael Mosbacher is Deputy Director of the Social Affairs Unit, a London-based policy research institution.
This article is taken from his new book, **Marketing the Revolution,** ***available from www.socialaffairsunit.org.uk.***

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